

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOICE WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, PUBLISHER.
David Adams.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year \$2.00
Two copies, one year \$3.00

No. 312.

TRUE AND FALSE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

I was true, but you were false,
So we sadly parted;
Gladly strove I to forget.
Sad and faithful-hearted.
Strove in vain not to remember
That we knew each other,
And I left you to discover
Faith within another.

Time, a lesson you have taught,
For your smiles are wasted
On a shadowy flickering past.
With a look or a fasted
And I road within your eyes,
And hear it in your voice,
That you have a weary grown
Of your new-made choice.

I have found congenial love,
And am truly mated;
Now I give my strong affection
When I might have hated,
And lived a life of bitterness
To curse both me and you,
Had I not in time discovered
You were false, I true!

FERGUS FEARNAUGHT,
OR,
Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

PASTIME.

CLINTON went to the bureau, which stood between the two front windows, and opened one of the drawers, which was full of shirts. "Lord, what a lot!" exclaimed Fergus. "Yes, there's a few of them," answered Clinton, complacently.

"Do you wear them all?"

"Of course I do. What do you suppose I have them for?"

"Yes; but not all at once—one at a time. Here's one with a collar on it—that will do for you, I think. I haven't worn it for some time. It's one I had last summer—one of the smallest I've got. Try that."

He gave the garment to Fergus and selected one for himself.

"Now let's disguise ourselves in clean shirts and then put on dry tags," he continued.

Fergus thought it was a disguise, indeed, as he drew the snowy linen shirt over his head; it looked so different from the coarse, striped one he was accustomed to wear. His satisfaction increased when he dressed himself in the brown cloth suit that Clinton had laid out for him. The pantaloons were a trifle long for him in the legs, but he got over this difficulty by turning them up at the bottoms, and the coat required the same treatment at the sleeves.

While he was thus engaged Clinton attired himself in a natty Cheviot suit of tweed which displayed his slender, graceful figure to good advantage. He put on a linen collar and a fancy colored necktie, which he fastened in an elaborate bow, and he gave Fergus a dark blue silk one.

"That's the finish for you, Ferg, my boy," he said. "Do you know how to tie it?"

"I think I can manage it," answered Fergus, laughingly.

He passed the scarf around his neck; under the falling shirt-collar, and tied the ends into what is called a "sailor's knot."

"How is that?" he asked Clinton.

"Tip-top!"

"How do these clothes fit?"

"First-rate!"

Clinton now combed and brushed his hair before the looking-glass on the bureau, and then advised Fergus to do the same.

"Just take the snarls out of your hair, and then you'll do," he said. "There's nothing like good clothes, eh, my boy? 'Beauty unadorned is adorned the most.' I've heard somebody say. But, that's all in your eye and Miss Elizabeth Martin! That individual didn't know what he was talking about. There's nothing like good harness—you can bet on that! Why, anybody that saw you come in here would never take you to be the same boy going out."

"Well, I think I do look better," replied Fergus, as he stood before the glass brushing his long, silky, flaxen hair, and he smiled complacently at his own image. "I'd like to wear good clothes like these all the time."

"Why don't you?"

"Haven't got the brads to stand it."

"The what?"

"The spondulix."

"Oh, the rhino—that's what you mean, eh? 'Money makes the mare go,' and the ponies too. A fellow can have lots of fun if he only pony up for it."

"Guess you have lots of fun," answered Fergus, glancing about the room.

"What makes you think so?"

"Cause you've got lots of things here to have it with."

"Oh, yes; I'm tolerably well supplied," rejoined Clinton, in his carefree fashion. "Did you ever swing the Indian clubs?"

"I never swung any kind of a club. How do you do it?" added Fergus, curiously.

"I'll show you!" cried Clinton.

He grasped the clubs and went through a dexterous performance with them, which greatly excited Fergus' admiration. Then he laid them aside and selected a pair of dumb-bells.



Hallo! exclaimed Clinton, surprised by this exhibition. 'Why, you've done it! Well, that beats me.'

"How much can you put up, Ferg?" he inquired.

"Put up where?" replied Fergus, surprisedly.

"How much in weight of these fellows, I mean," explained Clinton. "Here's three pair, different sizes. Try the smallest pair, and I'll show you how to put them up."

Fergus managed the small pair without difficulty.

"Now try mine," said Clinton, resigning them to him.

Fergus easily put these up also.

"Put up the big pair," said Fergus, pointing to them.

Clinton shook his head.

"I can't do it," he answered; "they are a little too hefty for me as yet, but I'm training for them."

"Are they very heavy?" asked Fergus, stooping over them.

"Try them."

"I've got them."

"Now put them up."

Fergus did so, though it cost him something of an effort.

"Hal-lo!" exclaimed Clinton, surprised by this exhibition. "Why, you've done it! Well, that beats me! I had no idea you were so strong."

"Well, I am kind of tough," replied Fergus. "I've had a kind of rough time of it."

"Rough and tough, eh? It takes hard work to bring out a fellow's muscles; there's no mistake about that. Did you ever fence any?"

"Fence! what's that?"

"With foils—like these. I'll show you—it's capital sport. You learn the sword exercise with these. Mighty useful, for we might be soldiers one of these days—I'll be a colonel, like my great-grandfather, if another war breaks out. I think you'd make a good soldier, Ferg. The old boy himself couldn't scare you!"

"No, I don't scare easily."

"Here, put this on over your head."

Clinton handed Fergus one of the wire masks, who received it wonderingly.

"What's this for?" he inquired.

"To guard your face, and keep the foil from punching your eyes out."

"I wouldn't care to have my eyes punched out."

"Of course not."

"How do you put it on?" asked Fergus.

"Here, look at me—this way."

Clinton affixed the other mask in front of his face, and Fergus imitated his example. Then Clinton gave him a foil.

"Oh, my, ain't it light!" cried Fergus.

"What's this round thing on the point for?"

"That's the button—that's to prevent accidents. A fellow might run another fellow through if he got excited."

"What's the use of getting excited?" Clinton laughed.

"A fellow can't help it when he gets tapped two or three times," he replied. "Come, now, on guard! and I'll give you a little 'carte and tierce.' Imitate me."

"What's carte and tierce?" inquired Fergus, awkwardly endeavoring to follow Clinton's instructions.

"Now we are engaged—see our foils are crossed. Keep your eye on me—that's what the fencing-master says—never look away from the other fellow's eye. Do you mind?"

"I'm a-lookin' at you."

"Then keep looking. I'm coming for you!"

"Come along!"

"That's carte, and that's tierce!"

Fergus felt the button of Clinton's foil tap him smartly on the breast, and then his foil was twisted out of his grasp, and hurled into a corner of the room.

"By jinks!" he exclaimed, amazedly.

"That's the way you do it, is it?"

"That's the way. It's sport, isn't it?"

Fergus shook his head rather dubiously over this question.

"Well, it may be, after a chap knows how," he answered.

He took off the mask and gave it to Clinton, who replaced the masks and foils against the wall.

"How would you like to put on the gloves for a few minutes, Ferg?" he inquired.

"Gloves, eh?"

"Yes—boxing-gloves—these. You know what boxing is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—sparring, you mean. But I never had any gloves on when I sparred. Fears to you could hurt much hitting a chap with those stuffed balls on your hands."

Clinton laughed.

"You've hit it—that's just what is intended. These gloves are made to box with in fun and not in earnest. Put on a pair and we'll have a set-to, and then I'll show you about the house."

"Anything to oblige," replied Fergus, and he put on a pair of the gloves. "Lord! how bouncy they make a fellow's fingers feel."

"Now, time!" shouted Clinton, in true pugilistic style. "Swing your left duke, and hit out straight from the shoulder, Ferg!"

With this admonition, Clinton brushed the end of Fergus' nose with his right-hand glove.

"Do you want it right from the shoulder?" inquired Fergus.

"Yes, send it good and hot!"

Fergus struck Clinton a resounding blow, despite his effort to stop it, full upon the chest, which caused that aristocratic youth to sit down on the floor in a hasty and very uncouth manner.

"How's that for hot?" asked Fergus.

"Pew!" gasped Clinton. "That beats me!"

Fergus lifted him up to his feet again.

"Try a little more," he said.

"No," answered Clinton, laughingly; "no, enough is as good as a feast. Your right duke is in too good condition for me. Throw off the gloves, and I'll show you what a queer old house this is. Besides, I want mother and Gerry to see you, now I've got you dressed up."

"What am I to do with my old clothes?" asked Fergus.

"Oh, leave them here, and I'll have them thrown into the ash-barrel."

"No, no, don't do that!" cried Fergus, quickly.

"I want them."

"You want them?" rejoined Clinton, surprisedly.

"Why, what do you want of them?"

"For every day, to work in—I can get more jobs with my old clothes on, than I can in these good clothes."

Clinton was still more surprised.

"Can you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; folks are apt to take pity on a chap when he looks poor."

"That's so!" exclaimed Clinton, struck by the force of this reasoning.

"See what lots of pennies Ragged Terry gets because he's such a forlorn-looking little cuss," continued Fergus.

"Who's Ragged Terry? a friend of yours?" asked Clinton.

"Clinton was still more surprised.

"The boy—look at him."

"I do—and he's not bad-looking, as Clinton says; what freaks he has, to be sure; but for this lad, so Geraldine tells me, both she and Clinton might have been drowned."

"But do you not see his face, his hair—those eyes—the very hue!" whispered Yorkie, bending down his head to do so.

Mrs. Stuyvesant studied Fergus' face intently, and the lad became embarrassed under the scrutiny, shifting his feet uneasily, and blushing until his usually pale cheeks assumed a vivid tint of carnation.

"How they're looking at me," he whispered to Clinton.

"Let them look," returned that irrepressible youth. "A cat may look at a king! Their looks won't hurt you. Hold up your head; you're looking fine, and that's what's the matter."

"Am I?" asked Fergus, dubiously.

"To be sure you are! Why, you are handsomer than a great many girls I know—handsomer than Gerry there."

"Oh, I don't think so!" rejoined Fergus, quickly.

At this moment Geraldine tripped toward them, and shook hands with Fergus.

"Clinton has fixed you up real nice," she said; "and I am glad he has, because you are such a brave boy."

And the blushes on Fergus' cheeks grew deeper still as he shook hands with, and heard the words of the little maiden.

"Don't mention it," he stammered. "I'd swim clear down to Staten Island to get you out of a scrape."

During this, Mrs. Stuyvesant completed her scrutiny.

"Strangely like!" she said.

"Ah! you see it, then?" he responded, eagerly.

"The resemblance?"

"Yes. Who does he put you in mind of?"

"Yes."

Elliott Yorke drew a long breath; it appeared as if some unpleasant suspicion that had just then crept into his mind had been confirmed.

"It is very singular," he murmured.

"Can this boy be any relation of your wife's?" asked Mrs. Stuyvesant.

The question annoyed him.

"Impossible!" he rejoined, quickly. "Lorania, when I married her, was Garret Van Amringe's only surviving child. The others died in infancy. She never had a brother or sister married—she was the last of the family."

"But there were other branches of the family?" questioned Mrs. Stuyvesant, musingly.

"True; but distant ones."

"Did you ever see any of them?"

"No; though I believe there are some of them living here in New York."

"I have an idea that this boy is a Van Amringe. Such a resemblance could not be entirely accidental, it appears to me. Resemblances run strangely in families. See how much Geraldine resembles me."

"But you are her mother—what more natural?" His brow clouded as he continued: "And if that boy is like his mother she is the very image of—"

He paused abruptly, as if he found the thought too repugnant for utterance.

"Lorania?" she supplied.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh! what a preposterous idea," she exclaimed. "You must not entertain it. I will question the boy, and you will speedily find that a random resemblance has misled you. Clinton, bring your young friend here," she called out to him.

Clinton pushed Fergus forward with this admonition: "Hold up your head, don't be so bashful!"

Elliott Yorke's gray eyes were fastened upon Fergus' face in a searching manner as the lad modestly advanced. With all his fearlessness Fergus felt abashed in the presence of this dignified gentleman, and handsome lady; but modesty is always the attendant of true courage.

"What is your name, my lad?" inquired Mrs. Stuyvesant, in a kindly manner.

"Fergus Fearnought," answered Fergus, promptly.

"And he's a bully boy," added Clinton, impressively.

"Oh, Clinton, for shame!" cried Mrs. Stuyvesant. "How often have I requested you to refrain from such expressions. I dislike to hear such slang."

"The young men of the present day are not what they were in my boyhood," observed Eliot Yorke.

"Of course not, uncle," returned the incorrigible Clinton. "I used to hear grandfather say the same thing about the boys in his time. You wasn't up to his mark, any more than we are to yours—but the world still moves, and boys are livelier than they used to be."

Elliott Yorke's grave features relaxed into a smile.

"Wisdom from the mouth of a babe," he said. "We old fellows stand still, and the world moves away from us. But the heart never grows old. It maintains all its freshness through all the changes and mutations of time."

While he made these remarks his eyes lingered upon Fergus' face, and he found the likeness that had at first impressed him growing stronger and stronger.

Mrs. Stuyvesant brought the conversation back to the starting-point by saying:

"You have a singular name—Fergus Fearnought! Is Fearnought the name of your family?"

"I don't know," replied Fergus.

"Was it your father's name?" pursued Mrs. Stuyvesant.

"I don't know," replied Fergus again.

"Don't know!" repeated Mrs. Stuyvesant, surprisedly. "Don't you know what your father's name was?"

"No, ma'am; I don't know anything about him."

"Ah!" murmured Elliott Yorke; and he exchanged an inquiring glance with Mrs. Stuyvesant.

She continued her inquiries, but in so genial a manner that Fergus readily gave her his confidence.

"What name did your mother have?" she asked.

"I don't know," answered Fergus. "I don't know any more about my mother than I do about my father. I never saw either of them since I have been old enough to remember anything."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Stuyvesant, involuntarily, and this display of sympathy went straight to Fergus' heart. "Who brought you up?"

Fergus hesitated here, and his face flushed, but after a moment's pause he answered:

"I was brought up in the almshouse in Rockland county, but they didn't treat me well, so I ran away, and came down here; and I had a pretty rough time of it until Fleda's mother took me in, but now I'm doing pretty fair."

"The history of many a poor boy in this great city," said Elliott Yorke. "Were you called Fergus in the almshouse, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir."

"Then where did you get the name of Fearnought?"

"Because he's so spunky," volunteered Clinton.

Fergus explained how this name had been bestowed upon him by Fleda Nandrus, and this led to quite an account of Fleda and her mother, and the peanut speculation in which that sprightly young maiden had just engaged. Elliott Yorke was much interested in this account, and when Fergus had finished he took out his pocket-book, saying:

"As you have to furnish capital for this enterprise, you must permit me to aid you, as a recompense for the service you to-day rendered my nephew and niece."

With this he gave Fergus a five-dollar green-back.

"Oh! but I don't want it," stammered Fergus.

"Yes, you do," whispered Clinton. "Take it—he's got lots of money, and he'll never miss it—take it, take all you can get; that's the way I do, and I make it fly lively, you bet!"

Fergus put the note in his vest-pocket.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," he said; "but I'd do anything for Clint, here, and his sister, too, and never ask a cent for it."

"And so would Clint for you," returned the heir of the Stuyvesants. "You're hunkydory! But come; let's mizzle; I guess they have seen about all they want to of us just at present. Ta, ta, uncle; save the first vacancy in the store for my bold Ferg, here; he'll make a good clerk, for he takes naturally to boats and all that sort of thing."

"I will," replied Elliott Yorke, promptly.

"He shall have the first vacancy that occurs."

"All right; then I needn't say anything to

the governer—as I was going to—about it. Come, let's shadaddle!"

So saying, Clinton locked his arm in that of Fergus, and led him from the room.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Stuyvesant, vexedly, "what slang that boy does indulge in. It quite shocks me. I'm afraid he has very low associations."

"He is no worse than the rest of the boys of the present day," returned Elliott Yorke. "The age tends toward slang and a kind of feverish frivolity. The daily newspapers greatly encourage this feeling, and treat even the gravest subjects with a kind of flippant facetiousness that is as ghastly in its merriment as a dancing-party in a graveyard. Corruption and deceit hem us in on every side until one cannot help exclaiming with the melancholy Dane:

"There's something rotten in the State of Denmark!"

Our Ship of State seems to have got among the breakers, lured thither by innumerable false beacons."

"Dear me! you quite frighten me," rejoined Mrs. Stuyvesant, lifting her eyebrows in a languid manner that indicated anything but fright. "There, run away, Geraldine; I wish to speak to your uncle."

Geraldine obeyed her mother's bidding and quitted the room.

"Now, brother, what do you think about this boy?" continued Mrs. Stuyvesant.

"I don't know what to think," he replied, thoughtfully. "He is a waif, a stray, as his own account of himself shows. The resemblance of his face to Lorania's is astonishing. It appears to be too strong to be accidental. I cannot account for it, but I firmly believe now that the boy is in some way related to Lorania."

Mrs. Stuyvesant looked surprised.

"How can that be?" she inquired. "You say that Lorania was the only child when you married her?"

"I said I had no knowledge of any other child. She was the only one that Garret Van Amringe acknowledged to the world; and yet it is an old saying that there is a 'skeleton' in every household—a mystery hidden from the world, and Van Amringe may have had another daughter unknown to me."

"And this daughter may have been the mother of this boy?"

"It is not unlikely. That would account for this family likeness in his features; and in no other way can it be accounted for. I am convinced in my own mind that the boy has some of the Van Amringe blood in his veins, and that conviction will induce me to befriend him."

"He is a very good-looking boy," returned Mrs. Stuyvesant, "and seems well-behaved, so I am not sorry that Clinton has made his acquaintance; but I think you are entirely mistaken in regard to his origin."

Elliott Yorke shook his head dissentingly.

"Time will show," he answered; and he took his leave of her.

Fergus followed Clinton back to his room in quite a flutter of excitement, but it was of a pleasurable nature. He rolled his old clothes into a bundle and Clinton gave him a newspaper—a sporting journal—to wrap them up in.

"I'm in luck to-day!" he exclaimed, as he lingered about this. "A new suit of clothes, and a five-dollar bill! By jinks! won't Fleda open her eyes when she sees me?"

Fergus followed Clinton back to his room in quite a flutter of excitement, but it was of a pleasurable nature. He rolled his old clothes into a bundle and Clinton gave him a newspaper—a sporting journal—to wrap them up in.

"Give her a good look, and don't charge her anything. You deserve all you've got; and that's where you are lucky, for a fellow doesn't always get all he deserves in this world! Come on now, and I'll let you out by the side door."

They descended to the lower floor, and Fergus had a further experience of the eccentricity of the builder of this labyrinthian mansion. Clinton opened the side door—which was a smaller one than that at the main entrance—for him to pass out, but checked him on the top step by asking:

"What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"Nothing particular," replied Fergus.

"Couldn't we do the Joss-house?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Then we will. I'll be down your way about ten o'clock in the morning. Wait until I come."

"I will."

"We'll interview the pig-tails, as the newspapers say. We ought to have some sport."

"I'll put you through."

"Take care of yourself!"

"I'll try to!"

Fergus sped lightly down the steps, and turned his face homeward.

"He's sound on the goose!" remarked Clinton, reflectively, as he closed the door.

Fergus had quite a long walk before him, but he made nothing of it. He walked to the music of his own thoughts, and they played a very lively and exhilarating tune.

It was six o'clock, however, by the time he reached the old house on Baxter street, and he found Fleda and her mother waiting supper for him.

The supper was quite a meal in that humble dwelling, as Mrs. Nandrus generally came home from a hard day's work with a good appetite, and Fergus picked up what he could by way of lunch, in his rambles after jobs, at noon.

"Mercy's sakes!" cried Fleda, the moment she saw him; "whatever have you been doing to yourself? Oh! why I never should have known you on the street!"

"Don't I look gay?"

"Prime! You've got a new suit of clothes!"

"Yes," answered Fergus, triumphantly; "and a five-dollar bill in my pocket, and a b'iled shirt on my back!"

Fleda held up her hands in amazement.

"Oh, just listen to him!" she cried. "I do believe he's crazy—yes, crazy as a bedbug!"

She added, with conviction.

"Bedbugs be blown! it's the big bugs that I've been visiting—up at Clint Stuyvesant's house, and I've made enough by it to set your peasant business going with a rush. Hooray!"

And Fergus turned his bundle into a foot-ball and kicked it up to the ceiling. In its descent it alighted on Fleda's nose, just as she had her mouth open to give vent to a string of questions, and quenched her momentarily.

"You are in good spirits, Fergus," said Mrs. Nandrus—a little pale woman, with the impress of a life of toil upon her features. "Tell us of your good fortune!"

"Yes, yes—oh, my!—that's what I'm just dying to know!" sputtered Fleda.

"Let's have supper first, for I'm awful hungry," replied Fergus; "and then I'll tell you all about it."

CHAPTER XII.

LORANIA YORKE.

CEDAR LAWN was the name which had been given to the residence that the rich merchant, Elliott Yorke, occupied upon Bergen Heights,

as delightful a situation as can be found with in the vicinity of New York.

The mansion was large and imposing in appearance, and was surrounded by about an acre of ground, which was tastefully laid out in groves, flower parterres, gravel walks, shrubbery, arbors, and statuary.

There was a conservatory attached to the mansion which was filled with rare exotic flowering plants. A tall tower rose from the center of the roof of the main house, forming an observatory. From the tower windows (it had four, facing the principal points of the compass), on a clear day fine views were to be had, and fragrant breezes bore life and health to the grateful nostrils.

To the west could be seen Newark bay and city, and the green and wooded slopes of the Orange mountains; to the north, the clear current of the Hudson river sweeping along the base of the romantic Palisades, and the rocky crest of Weehawken; to the east, the countless steeples and towering roofs of stately buildings in New York city, wreathed in a smoky haze, rose to view; and to the south, the broad bay, with its ever-moving panoramas of all kinds of vessels, from all nations, with its little islands, the shore of Brooklyn, Robin's Reef, and the shore of Staten Island, glistened in the sunlight.

The west could be seen Newark bay and city, and the green and wooded slopes of the Orange mountains; to the north, the clear current of the Hudson river sweeping along the base of the romantic Palisades, and the rocky crest of Weehawken; to the east, the countless steeples and towering roofs of stately buildings in New York city, wreathed in a smoky haze, rose to view; and to the south, the broad bay, with its ever-moving panoramas of all kinds of vessels, from all nations, with its little islands, the shore of Brooklyn, Robin's Reef, and the shore of Staten Island, glistened in the sunlight.

The gazer could linger here for hours without wearying of this varied prospect. But the mansion had other attractions. Its spacious and elaborately-furnished parlors were graced with richly-framed paintings by the most famous of the old masters.

There one could feast the eyes upon the gems of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Domenichino, Rubens, Da Vinci, and other great painters who have left an undying fame.

While the eyes were thus supplied with a source of enjoyment, the mind was not forgotten. A library adjoined the parlors, and its shelves were filled with the best works of the best authors. The volumes were of all shapes and sizes, and every variety of binding was displayed, from the plainest to the richest. Old engravings in quaint frames, and elegant chromos, hung in such numbers upon the walls that there did not appear to be room to place another one.

A round table, covered with all the latest magazines and illustrated newspapers, occupied the center of the room, and half a dozen easy-chairs were scattered about in snug corners.

Truly Cedar Lawn was the abode of luxury. Who could be otherwise than happy beneath the roof that covered such sumptuous furnishings?

And yet, if the gossip of the neighbors was to be credited, the mistress of this stately mansion was not happy. Gossip could merely state the fact without giving the slightest hint at the cause.

Lorania Yorke had everything in this world that is generally supposed to constitute happiness, and

mouth, the tear-flushed cheeks, over which fled alternate pallor and blush.

Still Ethel did not answer; her heart was so full she dreaded to trust her voice. She lifted her eyes, however, frankly, silently, to Mrs. Argelyne's face, that was full of solicitous yearning.

"Answer me this question, dear. Do you care at all for Leslie?"

A deeper carnation on the girl's cheeks, a sudden rush of puzzled tenderness to her eyes, preceded her answer.

"I don't know. Yes, I do care for him very, very much; he has been so good, so kind, and he loves me, I know. I do care, Mrs. Argelyne."

An expression of pain passed over Mrs. Argelyne's face.

"I am afraid you do not love him, poor boy! He never would accept gratitude, Ethel, never. You don't know Leslie if you think that."

"I would not give him gratitude for love, Mrs. Argelyne; it would be an unjust to myself as to Leslie. I know he is far too good and noble and great for such as I; I know the woman he makes his wife will never know a cloud in her sky; yet—yet—how can I tell him I will accept such happiness when I am conscious of an unhealed wound in my heart; when I am not sure I can marry again, even when only the scar remains to show where the

sore has been?"

Her low, pitiful voice carried its own appeal, and in her dusky, eloquent eyes, Mrs. Argelyne read the nobility of the nature that was so true to itself. Her arms suddenly closed round Ethel's neck in a warm embrace.

"I will not urge you more, my darling, nor shall I forget that you shall always be my own child, if you are not my boy's wife, or the mother of the little children I hope to see playing in the big, lonely house your presence would so have brightened. Forgive me if I have pressed my pleading too closely home—will you, dear?"

"Forgive me that I am unable to add to your happiness. If I could—"

Ethel rose from her knees, and looked down in the lovely face, so placid, yet expressive of keen disappointment.

"If I can—I will change my mind. I will try, indeed I will, to profit by your counsel—for you know I would not purposely or willingly grieve or disappoint you or poor Leslie. Kiss me good-night, please, now."

After Mrs. Argelyne had gone, Ethel sat beside her fire, crouched in the low chair, motionless, till the first gray streaks heralded the coming dawn.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MAN TO MAN.

Mrs. LEXINGTON had bidden Georgia good-night, and retired to his own rooms, that night after the wedding at Tanglewood, with such strong, strangely conflicting feelings, that he was completely overcome by them. He entered his apartments, closed and locked the doors, and then, in a very impatience of restlessness, commenced a promenade through the entire suite.

The day had been of peculiarly trying interest to him, so far as Georgia was concerned. It seemed to him he never had come so completely under her fascinating influence since the brief, blissful while years ago. It seemed he never had seen her look so passingly fair as she had done that day, and there had been times when the sudden glance of her eyes, as his, by some magnetic compulsion, met hers, held a power that thrilled him from head to foot.

She had been so queenly in her hospitality; he had seen how women loved her, how men admired her; and he had known, with a perfect barb of agony, that he loved her more than them all!

As he paced to and fro, his hands locked behind him, his head drooped on his breast, his whole soul went out in one wild, uncontrollable, fierce surging of love for this peerless woman, between whom and himself loomed the shadow of a baby's grave; between whom and him had arisen such fatal differences that seemed to defy reconciliation.

As he walked to and fro, while the woman he worshipped so madly sat alone in the fragrant dusk of the conservatory, thinking of him alone, there came to Lexington the full fruition of suffering. He realized, as he never had realized before, what a desolate wreck his life was, and was in prospect. He realized, keenly, that Georgia's beautiful face was the one haunting ghost that never would be laid. He accepted the fact of his worship of her, even while, with a pain-contraction of his brows, he admitted the scathing truth that he had been deceived, spurned, cajoled, and defied by her in turn. He remembered, with increased throbbing of his heart, everything that had transpired, and so terribly in her disfavor, and yet, despite all the black list he saw looming opposite her name, his soul thrilled with the overwhelming, overpowering love that he knew was deathless.

His splendid countenance was convulsed with the fierceness of his emotions; his eyes were full of an awful bitterness of despair as he paused, trembling in sheer exhaustion.

"My own—my own! in the face of it all! My wife! my Georgia, despite her falsity, her treachery! My darling, whom I love with a love unending; for whom I would die to hear whisper once, 'Theo, I love you!'"

He resumed his restless walk again, a fire dancing in his eyes, that grew to a very blaze.

"I wonder if she would give me another chance? If I should offer her full, free forgiveness of all the past, and beg my pardon of her, and exchange mutual promises to bury this fearful past forever—would she—would she spurn me?"

He stopped abruptly beside the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire with his piercing eyes, while over his face chased expressions of hopelessness, followed by a sudden gleam of hope; anxiety, followed by a proud assurance that lent a perfect radiance to his features.

Then, he drew his handsome hand proudly up, a tender, almost womanly smile on his mouth.

"It is Carleton Vincy."

Lexington started as if a cannon had been fired in his ear. His countenance paled to the hue of ashes, and grew as rigid as if hewn from marble. His blazing eyes turned from Georgia's face to Vincy's with a slow movement, that was the essence of intensest bewilderment. A haughty, repellent curl curved his lips, a sternness, an indignation, a horror as keen as a knife-blade was written on every line of his face as he stared unflinchingly in his rival's face.

Vincy smiled with the cool deviltry of a man who has the advantage for the moment.

"I told you she was innocent—as all the world would utter no voice against a husband making love to his own wife. Do you still approve of horsewhipping me?"

A sudden fury leaped from Lexington's eyes, that had darkened until they were black as moonless midnight,

He walked firmly, quickly along the marble

hall, his footfalls echoing to the glad music of his tread. He passed the open doors of the deserted rooms, where lights burned dimly, and all the wedding favors had vanished, thinking, with an eagerness that increased with every step that brought him nearer Georgia, that like the vanished flowers and bridal appointments, so was fled the mists and clouds that never more should separate him and the only woman he ever loved.

He paused one second on the threshold, his hand on the door knob; hesitated to regain his self-possession; he went in, through the orange aisle, past the cactus green, and to the mossy seat, where he knew she would be.

He knew the route perfectly. He knew the lights were glowing like moons, in their ground-glass globes, lending soft enchantment to the scene. He knew he would hear the splash of the cascade, the play of the fountains, the instant he opened the door. He knew he would walk softly up to Georgia, take her in his arms, close her mouth with such kisses that she would not be able to express surprise or anger. Then, he turned the handle, and stepped in full view of Carleton Vincy and his wife.

If a council of the Furies had arranged and perfected it, the scene that met his eyes could not have been more astonishingly fearful, or more peculiarly terrible.

A silence, more awesome than that which comes when a watcher by the bedside says, "He's dead!" seemed to petrify the three for an endlessly long second; then, with a strange, low, hissing noise, Lexington advanced several paces, his face working in a fearful fury of suddenly blasted hopes, indignation, jealousy, towering wrath.

It was appalling—the tableau they made—Lexington, the very impersonation of undisguised, outraged wrath. Vincy, in perfectly acted magnificence and guilt, with his arm around Georgia's waist, her hand still to his lips, as if he was petrified with the horror of the sudden exposure. Georgia, whiter than the film lace ruffles she wore, nearly fainting with horror, her woeful eyes fixed on Lexington's face in an imploring pity, that he so readily interpreted flight at the unexpected intrusion. It seemed as if he to him were glued to the roof of her mouth. She tried to speak, but the horror of the situation held her in a speechless, helpless thrall, rendered all the more terrible by the sight of Lexington's blazing eyes, and the horribly suggestive pressure of Vincy's hand on hers, as he slowly regained his feet, and released her with a gentle carefulness that did not escape the fierce, wrathful eyes for which it was intended.

Then his voice broke the strange silence.

"It is not Georgia's fault. I am the one on whom all blame must fall—if blame there is."

The quick, hissing sound issued sharply from Lexington's lips; then, before he could speak, Georgia staggered from her seat, with her white, haggard face, her agonized eyes, her trembling mouth. She walked with difficulty—it seemed as if her limbs were getting spellbound—but she managed to reach the floor in front of him, and fell on her knees in a supplication of agony.

"Theo! Theo! don't look so terribly at me! for God's sake, believe me when I swear I am innocent! don't, don't look at me so!"

She clasped her arms around his knees in passionately earnest entreaty, but he recoiled as if her touch was pollution.

A slow smile crept over his features, so slowly, so grimly, that it was as awful as a smile on the face of a dead man.

"Innocent! Allow me to believe the evidence of my senses, madam, and inform you that if you are innocent, your opinion differs from mine."

His terrible sadness was infinitely worse to endure than the wildest rage would have been; and a stony, hopeless horror seized her as she crouched on the floor.

"You must believe her—she is innocent, I swear it, too."

Again that icy smile curled Lexington's lips as he raised his haughty eyes to Vincy's face, that was a perfect panorama of bogus quiet, flight, terror, shame.

"How far would the oath of a man go with the husband of the woman he makes love to? I beg to differ from both of you."

A gleeful malignity fled over Vincy's face—he was succeeding admirably. He had aroused the jealous doubts he hoped to arouse, and it made his vile heart throb with delight to see the unmistakable anguish on Lexington's face—cover it as he would with the iron mask of cold contempt. Lexington bowed mockingly to Georgia.

"As I have not the honor of your friend's acquaintance, suppose I beg an introduction?"

It was a moment of supreme suspense. Vincy waited, in fiendish glee, to see how Lexington would receive the blow to be thrust at him; while Georgia, in panting terror, glanced first at one, then the other.

"He is a villain, a rogue, who has come here to-night only to insult and hurt me in your estimation! Theo, have him ordered from the premises!—have him horsewhipped!—anything to relieve me forever of his hateful presence!"

It was a moment of suspense. Vincy waited, in fiendish glee, to see how Lexington would receive the blow to be thrust at him; while Georgia, in panting terror, glanced first at one, then the other.

"He is a villain, a rogue, who has come here to-night only to insult and hurt me in your estimation! Theo, have him ordered from the premises!—have him horsewhipped!—anything to relieve me forever of his hateful presence!"

Her honest eyes were fixed on Lexington's marble face, her perfect lips quivered with intense emotion, and she waited for his answer.

Vincy's voice broke the momentary silence.

"Yes, she is right. I do deserve to be horsewhipped; I will gladly be horsewhipped for her sake."

His pretended humility only seemed to strengthen Lexington's suspicions, and to urge him into hostile rage, which he could conceal a very little longer under the icy restraint he imposed.

He utterly ignored both Georgia's and Vincy's remarks.

"Your visitor's name, if you please, Mrs. Lexington?"

He said it with a quiet, compelling demand that was the death-knell of every hope of Georgia's to keep the secret from him. She caught a gleam of triumph from Vincy's eyes, she saw the cold, steely patience in Lexington's; and then, in a faint, constrained tone, she made the announcement, feeling as any of these—for his wicked, selfish, callous heart had long ago steeled against such influences.

But—it was the love he still felt for her; the selfish sorrow he experienced because he was forever shut out from seeing her sweet face, feeling her clinging arms around his neck, her warm kisses on his mouth.

He had no one but himself to censure—he knew that. He had sat down and deliberately counted the cost. He had thought there would be more than compensation in the price he sold her for—and there was not. Her eyes haunted him with their grave wistfulness; she was forever seeing her sweet sunny smile, alights hearing her low, passionate calling of his name. And, what with the remembering, the seeing, the hearing, among all the goods the gods had given him, he was perfectly miserable for the love of his pure, discarded wife.

Where she was, of course he had the remotest idea. That she lived under a roof not half a mile away would have been the most astonishing news he could have heard; and had he but known that when he and Ida one day bowed to Mrs. Argelyne as their carriages passed in the Park, that Ethel sat in the corner of the back seat, with her eyes downcast and her head averted, as she was seriously meditating on the subject of Leslie Verne's offer, he would have quaked with horror.

"It is Carleton Vincy."

Lexington started as if a cannon had been fired in his ear. His countenance paled to the hue of ashes, and grew as rigid as if hewn from marble.

"I told you she was innocent—as all the world would utter no voice against a husband making love to his own wife. Do you still approve of horsewhipping me?"

A sudden fury leaped from Lexington's eyes, that had darkened until they were black as moonless midnight.

He tapped firmly, quickly along the marble

"Silence—you scum of earth! How dare you call her your wife—you—you—"

Vincy laughed this time, a low, satirical laugh.

"Words fail you! Permit me to finish the sentence by assuring you I still regard her as my wife, no matter what your claims are; that we love each other very dearly—"

A gasping sob from Georgia interrupted him.

"Theo! no!—I never loved him, never, and he knows how lying his words are. He knows how he has persecuted me, and how I have paid him to let me alone in peace. He knows I love him with all—"

Since his conversation with Mrs. Argelyne that night in her own room, affairs had progressed very pleasantly, yet quietly. Ethel had told Leslie frankly the decision, or rather, the undecision she had come to; she had told him, as she had told Mrs. Argelyne, all her reasons, and her intense wish to change her mind, if possible.

It had been a keen disappointment to the patient, adoring lover, and Ethel fairly shrank in affright at the way he received his fate.

It seemed to positively stun him. He was unnaturally calm as he listened to her deprecating rejection, tempered with such winsome consideration for his feelings, and her very refusal fired him the more with the heart-sick longing to have her for his own.

Then, when she had told him all her heart, thus proving her devoted friendship by her unrestricted confidence, she waited for his acceptance of her refusal—stood like a bended lily, with her golden head slightly drooped, her hands pressing the back of the chair that stood before her.

When Leslie had spoken it had been with an intensity of tone, a restrained strength of feeling, a patient, determined endurance, a nobility of principle that in after days Ethel remembered as the very beginning of everything.

"I do not blame you, Ethel. I know you have acted exactly as I would have the woman act whom I want for my wife. But, remember this one thing, this promise, oath—anything you may call it: that, although you are free as the air to bestow your precious affections where you will, I am bound to you in solemn betrothal, for life and death, as I have been since I first knew and loved you."

It had touched her, deeply; somehow, from that very hour she found herself listening for his footsteps; she felt her cheeks burn at mention of his name, and her heart would throb as in earlier days, when his deep, grave, intense eyes met hers with that patient questioning that positive worship in them she always saw.

Mrs. Argelyne watched Ethel with silent satisfaction those days while she was becoming shy of Leslie's presence; while Leslie quietly seemed compelling her love by the potency of his own. Odd smiles were sometimes caught fleeting across her face, and one day when Ethel had been reading to her, something—that curious magnetism we all have experienced—made her look suddenly up, to catch that amused, sage smile, with Mrs. Argelyne's eyes firmly fixed on hers.

A vivid rush of scarlet over Ethel's face made her more uneasy.

"What is it, Mrs. Argelyne? I was not reading incorrectly, was I?"

"You read exquisitely, but I want to hear you talk. Put 'Katrina' away, and let's have one of our old-fashioned chats. Do you know it has been a month, nearly, since you took me so briefly into your confidence?"

Ethel understood the graceful insinuation. Her cheeks were glowing, and she averted her face.

"A month? It seems impossible. How the time has flown!"

"From which I argue most favorably—even on the case in question. I want to talk about Leslie. May I?"

She was watching Ethel closely.

"If you wish, certainly."

The answer came in her lowest, sweetest tones.

"Then I shall commence by asking you if you have not succeeded in changing your mind? You do love him, at last?"

Lower drooped the girl's bright head, but no answer came.

"I do not wish to intrude into your most sacred feelings, Ethel, but it seemed to me the time had come for me to mention my boy's cause again. But when you do not answer, am I to infer you don't care for him—don't like him?"

Ethel's dusky eyes gleamed suddenly at Mrs. Argelyne, then down again.

"Did—did you infer—that? I didn't mean—"

She hesitated bewitchingly, and Mrs. Argelyne smiled in delighted satisfaction.

"I knew it—I knew it! Say it in plain words to me, Ethel. Say 'I do love Leslie.'"

But Ethel was laughingly refractory. She stubbornly refused to repeat the words.

"Say them

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1876.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parcels unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

To Subscribers, Postage Prepaid
One copy, four months \$1.00
Two copies, one year \$2.00

In all orders for subscriptions, be careful to give address in full, State, County and Town. The paper is sent by express, principally, at regular rates; but where express cannot start with any late number.

Postage Money. In sending money for subscription, by mail, never include the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Letters by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Advertisers, subscribers, and others on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

An Entrancing Serial Story!

Commencing in our next issue:

The True Knight;

OR,

TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

A nom de plume of a noted popular writer, who gives her splendid creative fancy full play, and bestows upon readers of serial romance a real benefaction. It depicts woman with an almost unsparring hand—and the subtle art which she can practice when "playing for high stakes" is indeed drawn with clever-cut lines. As a story it is one of such unmitakable power that it will be followed to the end with an exciting interest.

Sunshine Papers.

What Say You?

SHADES OF MINERVA! If you could have seen what I saw to-day! A young woman in a street-car fondling and feeding a dog! What would that eminently sensible daughter of Jupiter above-mentioned have said to my *vis-a-vis*? Nothing, I imagine, but transfixed her with a thunderbolt. A fate by which the world at large would not have lost much though, to be sure, it might have been rather startling to the other inmates of the car. She came in with such an air! Not Minerva! oh dear, no! I did not mean her; she has fallen into disrepute in these latter days; but the modern goddess—for she evidently considered herself such. But, if I were a man, she would never be my goddess. No, never! With whatever guileless youth has the misfortune to fall in love with her it will be a clear case of "love me, love my dog," and I should seriously object to a puppy being the medium of interchange of spiritual affinity and devoted love between me and the fair one upon whom I desired to lavish my tender passion. But I am not a man, fortunately or unfortunately, and this is a dreadful digression.

Yet, as I noted the engrossed attention and fond caresses the lady bestowed upon her soulless, insignificant pet, the idea would recur to my mind—regarding the poor man who may some time blinder into making her his wife—will it not be a case of Locksley Hall reversed? Will she not hold him, "When your passion shall have spent its force, Something dearer than her dog, a little better than a horse?"

But then it does not matter. If a man will be so silly as to marry a woman who fondles and kisses a puppy in a street-car, he should not expect her to be capable of very elevated passion.

Such a woman as she was to have nothing higher than the caresses of a little black-and-tan terrier to find lovable and interesting. It had been a queen of the demi-monde promenading Broadway to expose her costly toilet and displaying her King Charles spaniel as she would a diamond cross, because of its value, she would have been less noticeable and censurable. No higher passion can be expected of such women than pampering affection for a dog. Or, if she had been some wordly-wise and soulless dame of fashion, reclining in her carriage, and wasting on the puddle in her lap an amount of attention that would utterly fatigue her if expended upon a suffering mortal, and giving it the mite of affection she never could have spared to an offspring, we might have headed her only with passing pity and contempt. But for a pretty, stylish, ordinarily intelligent-looking young lady to be making such a public exhibition of her want of common sense was simply disgusting. It was provocative of an uncommon nervousness, that could best have exhausted itself in boxing her ears. It made one ponder whether she could be a savage and believe that admitted to the sky, "Her faithful dog shall bear her company." And it brought to mind the counsels of that reproving old poet whose words used to be quoted so severely at us in our youthful days and naughty moods: "Let dogs delight," etc., but

Your little hands were never made To tear each other's eyes."

Did *ma belle* opposite talk just as sweetly to father and mother, within the precincts of home, as to her dog in the presence of her horse-car audience? Did she pet any little brother or sister, Sunday-school pupil or charity waif, as tenderly as she petted his animated small dogship? Did she even give an extra hug and caress to some baby form when its tiny hands pulled at her veil and disarranged her hair, as to this senseless animal when he committed the same offences in his leap to kiss her lips? Or did she deal the wee hands an impatient blow instead? Did she ever carry a dinner to some famishing child and watch it partake of the nourishment with loving eyes and pitiful heart, as she carries a French roll to feed daintily to this pet? Or would she draw her handsome suit about her in indifference and aversion if some tiny beggar prayed for the crumbs the dog is wasting over the car-floor? Is this pretty amiableness mere show, or a normal state of impassibility? Can those little hands be rough and that smooth voice unkind? Does the terror know more of her gentleness than any other being?

Unjust! Well, perhaps so. But if you should ever see a pretty, lady-like girl, dressed stylishly and in an excellent taste, wearing glasses, and hugging a dog done up in a waterproof blanket, with rose ribbons tied around his neck, in a street-car, feeding him and kiss-

ing him, very likely you would have a similarly unpleasant sensation in the region of your digestive organs, and experience the same tendency to irritability of the mental faculties!

"Let Hercules himself do what he may. The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

But, for the honor of our sex, let us hope *ma belle's* dog will soon have his day; and she, too, unless she quickly succeeds in finding some higher object of devotion. Not that I blame the tiny animal because of its mistress' supreme folly; only for her advancement to interest in more elevated matters I launch my cruel desire toward a cessation of his existence; at present, of the two,

"I had rather be the dog, and bay the moon, Than such a—"woman.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SUNSHINY DISPOSITIONS.

WHAT we mostly need in this world of so many varied fortunes and such sudden changes and reverses, is sunshine, not so much in the heavens as in our dispositions. If we were to carry more sunshine about us we would not feel our troubles and ills one-half as much as we do. It doesn't strike me it is the right way to grumble at what can't be helped. That is not *my* style, and I don't want it to be *your* style, either, my good brother and sister.

I have seen so many persons who have had afflictions, who, if they could not overcome them, would at least do all in their power to bear them cheerfully and in a spirit that must demand commendation. I am well acquainted with a man who lost his arm, and his right arm, too, who did not give up because he was deprived of one of the most useful members of the body. He didn't grumble and snarl and make faces at fate, or growl at fortune. He was too much of a *man* to act so foolishly. He did what was much better. He went to work and tried to get a living with all his might with his left arm, and he has done so. By his own exertions he has succeeded finely. Among the specimens of his work, solely by his left hand, is a magnificent trunk—no child's toy, but firm, solid and substantial trunk, that the champion baggage-smasher would flee in terror from. The trunk is really worth fifty dollars. Think of that, you sunless creatures who are blessed with the use of all your faculties, and yet despont because you don't succeed. Are you going to let a one-armed man eclipse you in usefulness? I wouldn't. I'd be ashamed to do so. It isn't right, and I'm sure it doesn't look well for a man with one arm carving his way through life, while we two-armed folks will not make use of those blessings bestowed upon us.

You must have a sunshiny disposition, and then circumstances will not seem so hard to you. You've no idea how much cheerfulness mitigates sorrows and sends care on a balloon voyage. There was a young man, once on a time, connected with a traveling dramatic company, whose action was so bad that the star of the evening remarked: "Mr. —, if I were in the middle of Africa, and desired some one to support me, and could only have you, I should not have you."

It was not a very gentlemanly speech for the "star" to make, and what he could expect to make by acting in the "wilds of Africa" I cannot say. It would have discouraged many, but not the young actor. He had "true grit," he met with many rebounds and crosses, but he was bound to succeed and he did succeed, and is now quite a prominent star. That is one result of having a sunshiny disposition and a firm determination to succeed.

The world loses many a bright ornament because such a number are more apt to sink than swim. Success is pretty certain to crown perseverance, and failure follows in the footsteps of idleness. Persevering people are sunshiny people, and their pleasant, cheerful countenances are enough to stimulate others to try. How much brighter the world is made by their presence, and how much joy they bring to others!

The slaves at the South used to sing at their work, and, it is said, they thought it made their burdens lighter. I know those who sing or whistle at their work make the time seem shorter and their troubles less hard to bear. There's a great deal of sunshine in a singer, but I don't want those who sing of nothing but graveyard chants near my garden gate, because I'm afraid the birds will think night is coming on and retire to their nests.

If you want your children to grow into true men and women, place them in the sunshine, and put the sunshine into their hearts. Let them see how much more one is respected and beloved, and how much more success they meet by being pleasant, cheerful, persevering and sunshiny, than in being miserable, idle and melancholy misanthropes. Give them sunshiny people, and their pleasant, cheerful countenances are enough to stimulate others to try. How much brighter the world is made by their presence, and how much joy they bring to others!

Take him all around, one way and another, longways and shortways, your neighbor is rather inclined to be a mean kind of man. You can see that fact every day as you look at him through your window, and you make it a study to observe him.

In fact there is nothing half so satisfactory or exhilarating as to study your neighbor.

He is a man of course who thinks he hasn't one single fault to put in his pocket, but we know better. You bet we do!

We of a certainty, know that he looks at us as some kind of a superior being; but he don't how he is looked at.

You know how much more profitable it is to sit and pick out his faults with a knitting-needle, as it were, than attend to your own immediate affairs. Vastly better. Anybody can tell you that on short notice. We know it.

Your neighbor's family of course are not on the most intimate terms with yours. Such a thing would be perfectly astounding.

You know well enough that they try to put on the airs of the upper set, and utterly fail.

You can't tolerate anything of the kind. We wouldn't expect you to, for a minute.

They might pile on all the silks which you certainly do not envy, and still the effort to be somebody would appear on the outside. This is as sure and as obvious as soot on your nose.

He may have a little more money than you have, but you would scorn to care for him or respect him any more on that account. You have the blessed privilege of knowing that money doesn't make a man, or truly exalt his family. You can slap yourself on the back and congratulate yourself on *that*.

His house is a little better-looking than yours, and you are well assured that it is necessary for him to put more on the outside for looks' sake than you are obliged to. You feel no more amiable toward him on that account, and I don't blame you.

Your neighbor has a good deal of what is called nice company at his house, but you know well enough just what arts are used, and how he breaks his neck to obtain it. You don't care for any more than your select few.

His company don't happen to know just as much about him as you do, seeing him through that window of yours every day.

He tries to appear contented and happy, but you know well enough that it is taking the very life out of him to put all that deception on. This is plain through the window as it can be.

They can put on all the fine airs they have a mind to, but it don't raise them an inch in our estimation, by several yards.

One thing you are assured of, and that is they are always talking of people who live close to them—I came near saying neighbors, but that wouldn't do. If they said you were high-strung and aristocratic, and other blabberbury of that sort you could bear it, but you are certain they don't.

If there is anybody you morally hate it is the person who scandalizes you by underrating you. They may overrate you as contemptuous as they please, and it is all right, and I wouldn't give one-quarter of all I haven't got for the person who wouldn't feel just that way.

We are not their neighbors, you understand, and you will thank me for giving utterance to the sentiments of your own hearts; any substantial testimonials can be addressed to the undersigned.

If you would ever allow them any advantage over you in any manner you would be so mad at yourself that you would eat your own head off, or pick yourself up in both hands and throw yourself through the window even if that crooked pane was broken.

You speak to your neighbor if you happen to meet, but you know just as well as I do that you wish him to understand that you are the very soul of chivalrous civility. If he didn't untwist his neck to turn and speak to you, you know well enough you would drop him so quick that he would shoot into the ground up to his neck. Yes, he would.

Your neighbor is not really the kind of a man that he ought to be, and you know how sorry you are for it. It isn't your fault. You could give him a lesson full of moral and social teachings which would be of great benefit to him if he would try to profit by them, but you know well enough that he is not the kind of a

though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catharine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the gallant young General Orloff.

Up to the time of her death, at sixty-seven, she seems to have retained the same bewitching power, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally. Mme. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power at forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Mme. Racamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

Although the list might be still further extended, our readers—those interested especially—will see from it that woman need not lose her attractions though youth be gone; and above all, if her mind is cultured, her talents real, and her heart kindly, she will retain a power of never-failing fascination.

Foolscap Papers.

Your Right Hand Neighbor.

The subject of this chapter is your Right-hand Neighbor, and you will all thank me for bringing him up.

I do not mean to insinuate that you are neighbors to anybody; not at all. I mean always the man who lives next door to you. We, of course, don't live next door to anybody; this must be distinctly understood before we begin. I don't want to tramp on anybody's toes, but your neighbors', his, of course, have a right to us.

In looking at your neighbor, as you do out of your window, of course it is necessary to see him a little awry, because the panes of glass on that side of the house are a little wavy, and we have a perfect right to judge him as he looks to us.

He is not exactly the kind of a man you would wish him to be, by a good deal or more.

It would be a splendid thing if he was a man a little more after your own order, and not so much after his own.

Of course you are not expected to be on the most intimate terms with your neighbor; nobody would ever ask you to do any such thing as that. He is not precisely the kind of a man with whom you would desire to make friends. I wouldn't ask you to do it. You couldn't be expected to, where the disparity is so great between you.

Take him all around, one way and another, longways and shortways, your neighbor is rather inclined to be a mean kind of man. You can see that fact every day as you look at him through your window, and you make it a study to observe him.

In fact there is nothing half so satisfactory or exhilarating as to study your neighbor.

He is a man of course who thinks he hasn't one single fault to put in his pocket, but we know better. You bet we do!

We of a certainty, know that he looks at us as some kind of a superior being; but he don't how he is looked at.

You know how much more profitable it is to sit and pick out his faults with a knitting-needle, as it were, than attend to your own immediate affairs. Vastly better. Anybody can tell you that on short notice. We know it.

They might pile on all the silks which you certainly do not envy, and still the effort to be somebody would appear on the outside. This is as sure and as obvious as soot on your nose.

He may have a little more money than you have, but you would scorn to care for him or respect him any more on that account. You have the blessed privilege of knowing that money doesn't make a man, or truly exalt his family. You can slap yourself on the back and congratulate yourself on *that*.

His house is a little better-looking than yours, and you are well assured that it is necessary for him to put more on the outside for looks' sake than you are obliged to. You feel no more amiable toward him on that account, and I don't blame you.

Your neighbor has a good deal of what is called nice company at his house, but you know well enough just what arts are used, and how he breaks his neck to obtain it. You don't care for any more than your select few.

His company don't happen to know just as much about him as you do, seeing him through that window of yours every day.

He tries to appear contented and happy, but you know well enough that it is taking the very life out of him to put all that deception on. This is plain through the window as it can be.

They can put on all the fine airs they have a mind to, but it don't raise them an inch in our estimation, by several yards.

One thing you are assured of, and that is they are always talking of people who live close to them—I came near saying neighbors, but that wouldn't do. If they said you were high-strung and aristocratic, and other blabberbury of that sort you could bear it, but you are certain they don't.

If there is anybody you morally hate it is the person who scandalizes you by underrating you. They may overrate you as contemptuous as they please, and it is all right, and I wouldn't give one-quarter of all I haven't got for the person who wouldn't feel just that way.

We are not their neighbors, you understand, and you will thank me for giving utterance to the sentiments of your own hearts; any substantial testimonials can be addressed to the undersigned.

If you would ever allow them any advantage over you in any manner you would be so mad at yourself that you would eat your own head off, or pick yourself up in both hands and throw yourself through the window even if that crooked pane was broken.

You speak to your neighbor if you happen to meet, but you know just as well as I do that you wish him to understand that you are the very soul of chivalrous civility. If he didn't untwist his neck to turn and speak to you, you know well enough you would drop him so quick that he would shoot into the ground up to his neck. Yes, he would.

Your neighbor is not really the kind of a man that he ought to be, and you know how sorry you are for it. It isn't your fault. You could give him a lesson full of moral and social teachings which would be of great benefit to him if he would try to profit by them, but you know well enough that he is not the kind of a

man who would listen to anything that would be for his benefit. That is the trouble with these neighbors. They will never take advice from other people which is for their own good.

THE PHANTOM FIELD.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

The snow lies deep upon the ground;
All liey is the air;
The tree's a winding-sheet have found
By the wild wind's care;

The beast stands trembling in his shed;
The sheep within its fold:
Without, all life is stiff and dead—
Within, all chill and cold.

It is the night when spirits pass
All through the old kirk-yard?
Is it the night when solemn mass
Above its graves are heard?

The kirk-yard sleeps a quiet sleep;
The wind alone is there;
The ghastly stones their long watch keep,
And whisper to the air.

It is the night when specter men
Are loosened from the dead,
And stalk around the Phantom plain
Until the night is fled?

Oh, keen the wind and cold the air
Above the Phantom field;
Yet ghostly forms are stalking there
Armed with a sword and shield.

And gathering slow in sealed ranks
They turn toward the west—
Their empty coffins stand guard—
Ten confined for the fight.

In battle rank with deathless tread,
They fall to the right,
Where stand ten thousand other dead
Ten confined for the fight.

Oh, keen the wind and cold the air
Around the Phantom height;
Yet specter men are battling there
In fierce exultant fight.

And shields are rent and swords are bent,
And limbs beset the ground,
Yet skeletons, with strength unsspent,
Strike where a shield is found.

And skulls are cleft on right and left
Till shines the moon o'erhead—
Till twice ten thousand coffins stand
Alone, flanking the dead.

Oh, keen the wind and cold the air
That sweeps above the plain,
Yet must the empty coffins bear
The skeletons again.

Over the silent field they haste
To gather limb and bone;
Though skulls and limbs are wide displaced,
Each coffin knows its own.

Soon every limb is gathered in;
Soon every lid is fast;
They turn toward the east.
And marching o'er the frozen plain

(With swift and noiseless tread,
They pause beside the graves again,
Made for the Evil Dead).

Two Death's heads stand above each mound;
(A fearful watch they keep)

The coffins sink into the ground
Another year to sleep.

But when another year is fled—
When comes St. Stephen's night,

The Death's head shall unclose their dead
Uncoined for the fight.

And when five hundred years have passed,
The penance shall be done;

The skeletons shall sleep at last,

And moulder, limb and bone.

The Men of '76.

Greene,

THE RHODE ISLAND BLACKSMITH.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

IN Nathaniel Greene American youth has one of the best examples of the self-made man which this country has produced. Such men confront us everywhere in commerce, politics, divinity, law, medicine, many of whose leaders and most eminent devotees sprung from very uncongenial circumstances. It is one of the blessed results of our institutions and laws that here the humblest born may freely aspire to the highest places, and it is one of the peculiar features of our social civilization that here no law of caste or assumption of family heritage has any power over the rising man.

The War of Independence called to the front the true men of might. What were family assumption and hereditary rights then? The struggle gave the best men the responsible places, and such as "Old Put," Ethan Allen, Nathaniel Greene, Dan Morgan, Mad Anthony Wayne, John Stark, Marion, Sumter, Benjamin Lincoln, Moultrie, quickly emerged from obscurity and common-place circumstances to become leaders.

Greene was born in Rhode Island, May 27th, 1742. A Quaker preacher was his father—one of the rigid sort, who flogged his children severely for singing, dancing, or any levity, "unseemly and unrighteous." He was as poor as he was bigoted, so that Nathaniel (the second son of a second brood of children) was early in life put at the blacksmith's forge for a livelihood, where, as his body developed into fine proportions, his gay and happy disposition also grew—necessitating many a reprimand from the stern father and occasionally a severe flogging—for dance and "go on a lark" the boy would.

But this was not all. Study and learn he would. His mind was as eager for food as his animal spirits were eager for sport; so, with surprising rapidity, he mastered book after book, and when "of age," so as to be free of his father's severe surveillance, "Nat Greene" became a leader among the young men in many sports, in frolics, and in shop and public discussion. As the events of 1774-5 approached, the stalwart blacksmith's shop became the rallying place of patriots, and he the undaunted spokesman who dared to talk "treason" in the very face of the "King's Own." And, as the crisis approached Nat Greene's ardor and patriotism, like the iron in his apprentice's forge, under his powerful muscles, glowed and coruscated to finally flash out at a white heat when the news of Concord and Lexington came.

Greene was elected to the Rhode Island Assembly in 1770; and, as the coming struggle cast its shadow before, he fully realized the trial at hand. To prepare for it he studied up military authorities and history; he practiced discipline and tactics with his militiamen, and with such success that when the tocsin was sounded at Concord and Lexington, Rhode Island at once responded by a brigade of sixteen hundred men, under Major-General Nathaniel Greene. The Providence blacksmith had forever extinguished the forge fire, closed the shop door, and given himself up to the cause of liberty.

At Bunker Hill the militia general met Washington. The two men formed a strong friendship, for the commander-in-chief's quick eye saw in the sturdy frame, clear head, and warm heart of the Rhode Island blacksmith the good soldier, the trusty leader, and the safe adviser.

The organization of the "Continental Army" reduced Greene to the grade of brigadier-general, change cheerfully accepted. None of all the commanders were more zealous than he in putting that army in fighting condition. Slowly and amid almost countless discouragements the Continental army took

shape, and Greene, among New England men, stood next to Washington in the confidence of the people.

When the British evacuated Boston to make New York their prize, the American army gathered at and around New York city. Greene was given the chief command on Long Island. How worked to fortify, to obstruct the British approach—to equip and prepare his troops, is a matter of history; but exposure and over-exertion brought on a fever, so that when the British came (August 22d, 1776), he was in bed, and General Sullivan held the forces, whose line stretched from the East River, at Wallabout bay, to the creek and marsh at Governor's Cove (Gowanus), on the west. It was a splendid line of defense but far too weakly manned to withstand the stronger enemy. The bloody battle of Long Island (Aug. 27th), followed, and to the dismay of the country Long Island was lost and with it New York city. Slowly Washington retreated to Harlem (White Plains), and Greene, once again in the saddle, fought fiercely for the vantage there (Oct. 28th, 1776).

Pressed little by little from his positions around New York, Washington now sought to keep open his line of retreat toward Philadelphia. Greene was given command on Bergen Heights, and strove to hold Fort Lee, but had to retire after the fall of Fort Washington (Nov. 16th). Cornwallis strove to cut off the American retreat by getting in his rear at Hackensack, but Greene was too alert. Washington in person held the enemy in check at Hackensack while Greene by a detour brought of the Fort Lee garrison (Nov. 18th), and the whole American army concentrated at Newark.

Then ensued the memorable retreat through New Jersey. Hotly pressed the American army crossed the Delaware (Nov. 28th)—the British appearing on the banks to behold its spirit for safety over in Pennsylvania. In the brilliant dash upon the British, by re-crossing the Delaware on the night of Dec. 26th, Greene and Sullivan commanded the two divisions, Trenton was retaken, with one thousand prisoners, and the English, to their great astonishment, found "the Yankees" again quartered in New Jersey. Cornwallis, infuriated, moved up to Princeton (Jan. 1st, 1777), where Washington suddenly struck the enemy again (Jan. 3d), and the brilliant result greatly elated the whole nation. Greene's services were signal. He was Washington's very right arm throughout the whole affair.

The Continentals went into winter quarters at Morristown, and in the spring took up a stronger position at Middlebrook, preparatory to a severe summer campaign. Greene and Knox, by order of Washington, examined the passes in the Highlands along the Hudson. The enemy, demonstrating on Middlebrook, were repulsed, and driven to Staten Island, when it became evident that the British were moving in powerful force, by sea, upon Philadelphia. The Continentals went into winter quarters at Morristown, and in the spring took up a stronger position at Middlebrook, preparatory to a severe summer campaign. Greene and Knox, by order of Washington, examined the passes in the Highlands along the Hudson. The enemy, demonstrating on Middlebrook, were repulsed, and driven to Staten Island, when it became evident that the British were moving in powerful force, by sea, upon Philadelphia.

In the maneuvers which ensued—in the hotly contested battle of Brandywine (Sept. 11th)—in the retreat to Philadelphia. Greene was ever on the field, and by his splendid conduct commanded universal praise. The British, under Howe, occupied Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1777—their main body at Germantown, while Washington's army lay encamped eleven miles away, at Schuylkill creek. Washington, to make one more stroke to save Philadelphia, attacked the British, and the severe battle of Germantown followed (Oct. 4th). Greene commanded the left wing. The fighting was fierce and at very close quarters, but a dense fog made several movements miscarried, and the Americans were forced to retreat. Greene here again showed his splendid generalship. For five miles the way was literally strewn with the enemy's dead.

The winter of 1777 was passed at Valley Forge—above Philadelphia—the saddest winter the country ever knew. Greene was Washington's most intimate friend, and well deserved the trust reposed in him. As quartermaster-general he brought order to the dreadfully disorganized department, and when spring at last came it found the army again in fighting trim.

In the pursuit of the retreating British (already ready in the articles on Washington and Lafayette), Greene played a brilliant part—was, in fact, the man who saved the bloody field of Monmouth, after Lee's dreadful mistake.

Co-operating with the French fleet of D'Estant, Sullivan and Greene were dispatched to Rhode Island to rescue Newport from the British. But the Frenchmen, after a severe fight with the shore batteries, put to sea at the critical moment, to engage a British fleet, leaving the Americans to fight alone against vastly superior forces. They could only retreat, and did so in a most masterly manner, after giving the enemy a very bloody repulse (August 29th, 1778).

Greene, as quartermaster-general, rendered great and meritorious service in the years 1778-79, but resigned the unpleasant office again to take field command in watching Clinton's movements around New York city. While Washington, at West Point, guarded the Hudson, Greene was at Springfield, New Jersey, where Knyphausen unsuccessfully assailed him (June 23, 1780) with a strong force. The British retired, after burning the village—their usual mode of conducting the war. Beaten on the field, they marked their movements by the flames of destroyed property. The Hessians were especially cruel and reckless, and raised a rancor in American breasts which is not entirely dead.

Greene now acted a prominent part in a painful event—presiding at the court-martial of Major Andre, and witnessing his execution (October 2d, 1780). Then West Point was assigned to the brave blacksmith's watchful care, but hardly had he entered upon that trust, ere he was called to command the army of the South, terribly defeated under Gates, at Camden, North Carolina (August 16th), and disorganized by that defeat. Greene reached Charlotte, North Carolina, December 2d, and with his usual calm courage, proceeded to recuperate and reform his ranks, to battle with the skillful and tireless Cornwallis, who had so successfully overrun the Carolinas, and then threatened Virginia.

Though in no condition to fight, action was necessary, and then followed a succession of conflicts, which makes the history of that winter an exciting record of trial, defeat, victory and maneuver. Cornwallis pressed Greene so severely that, though Tarleton, the British Dragoon, was destroyed at Cowpens, S. C., by the gallant Col. Morgan, the Americans were driven, with much loss, northward—Greene maneuvering to save his army, while Cornwallis was determined to destroy it utterly. It was a contest of skill and endurance, and the Americans won! For Cornwallis found that he had penetrated the country too far; the American partisan leaders were around him everywhere, making hot work for his brigades. He therefore prepared to retreat, when there ensued a novel series of strokes and counter-

strokes, culminating in the splendid battle of Guilford Court House, N. C. (March 15th, 1781)—one of the most noted in the whole seven years' war. Cornwallis only saved the day by opening his artillery on his own lines! So closely were the foes mingled, he had to destroy his own troops to stay the American victory. Cornwallis hastened to retire, after the dreadful conflict, harassed by Greene's now jubilant forces.

But, Greene now made a master move by leaving Cornwallis, and pushing at once for South Carolina, then terribly afflicted by Lord Rawdon's troops. This surprised Rawdon at once confronted, and at the fierce combat at Hollirk's Hill (April 25th, 1781), came very near capturing the entire American force. But, like the battle of Guilford, it was a British disaster, before which Rawdon had to retreat. All around were the partisans at work. Marion, Lee, Laurens, Hampton, Sumter, were almost ubiquitous. Post after post fell into American hands, but the enemy, strong and tenacious, yielded so slowly that, when at length Greene fought the battle of Eutaw Springs (Sept. 8th), though the British retreated, it left him too weak to press the assault.

Cornwallis having been caught in his own trap at Yorktown, permitted the needed reinforcements to be sent to Greene. The British at once abandoned all their positions and retreated to Charleston, closely pursued by Greene and the partisan generals, who were eager to make a finishing stroke. But Charleston was too strong for American assault. All that could be done was to hem the enemy in and take his outposts, one by one. All winter long (1781-82) this semi-siege continued, with only immaterial results.

A scheme for betraying Greene to the British was discovered and frustrated, in the spring of 1782, but it served only to render the Americans more vigilant. By July the camp of the besiegers had approached to within sixteen miles of Charleston harbor. The British made frequent sallies for forage, but were usually severely punished, though many gallant men were cut down in these wild races—Col. Laures, called the "Bayard of the American Army," being one of the victims.

The British finally evacuated Charleston in December, 1782, and Greene made a triumphal entry on the 14th of that month. With that occupation, the military career of this admirable officer and excellent man was ended.

The succeeding two years were made unhappy for the general by the default of an army contractor for whom he became bondsman, and for which kindness all his possessions were swept away. Tempted by the fond admiration expressed for him by the grateful Southern people, he retired to an estate on the Savannah river, where he fell a victim to a fever engendered by the "rice region" malaria, and died June 19th, 1788—in the very prime of a vigorous manhood.

The country mourned his decease, for, even at that day, when so many great reputations were fresh in the memory of a happy people, General Nathaniel Greene was regarded as, next to Washington himself, the best general which the War of Independence produced. Good, brave, patient, sagacious and ready of resource, his character, since his death, has grown to proportions that only true greatness ever attains; and in the Valhalla of the Heroes of '76 he will remain, for all time, a central figure.

Erminie:

OR,

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LADY MAUDE

"With wild surprise

As if marble struck, devoid of sense.

A moment motionless she stood."—THOMSON.

In an elegantly-furnished room, in a most elegant private mansion, a lady, still young and exceedingly beautiful, sat with her head leaning on her hand, her eyes fixed thoughtfully and somewhat sadly on the floor. A little paler the noble brow, and a little graver and sweater the lovely face, and a little more passive and less proud the soft, dark eyes; but in all else Maude, Countess De Courcy, was unchanged. The rich, black hair, still fell in fleecy, silken ringlets round the sweet, moonlit face; the tender smile was as bright and beautiful, and the graceful form as superb and faultless as ever. There was a dreamy, far-off look in her dark, beautiful eyes, as she watched the setting sun—a look that seemed to say her thoughts were wandering in the far-off regions of the shadowy past.

The lady was not alone. Half-buried in the downy depths of a velvet-cushioned lounge reclined a proud, haughty, somewhat supercilious-looking young lady, most magnificently dressed. She was handsome, too—very handsome—despite her tossy, consequential air; but Lady Rita, only daughter and heiress of Lord De Courcy, might be pardoned for feeling herself somebody above the common. Her form was slight and girlish, but perfect in all its proportions, and displayed to the best advantage by her elegant robe; her complexion was dark as a Spaniard's, but the large, black eyes and shining black hair, of purplish luster, were magnificent. Diamond pendants flashed and glittered in her small ears, glaring through the shadowy masses of rich, jetty hair, whenever she moved, like sparks of fire. In one hand she held a richly-inlaid fan, and with the other she languidly patted a beautiful little Blenheim spaniel that crouched at her feet and watched her with his soft, tender, brown eyes.

"Mamma," said the young lady, looking up after a pause.

The countess gave a slight start, like one suddenly awakened from a reverie, drew a deep breath and turned round.

"Well, my dear," she said.

"What was that papá and Mr. Leicester were saying this morning about smugglers, or outlaws, or some other sort of horrors that were near here?"

"Oh, Mr. Leicester was only telling your papa that there were some of these people hidden down in a country town, but a considerable distance from this. It seems they forcibly abducted a young lady not long since; quite a celebrated beauty, too, and most respectable."

"Dear me! what a dreadful place this must be, where such things are permitted," said the young lady, shrugging her shoulders; "you don't think there is any danger of their attacking us, mamma?"

"No, think not," said Lady Maude, smiling; "you need not alarm yourself, my dear; those desperate people are a long way off, and are probably arrested before this. You need not alarm yourself in the least."

There was a tap at the door at this moment, and the next a servant entered to announce:

"Gentlemen down stairs wishing to see Lady De Courcy."

"Did they send up their names?" said the lady.

"No, my lady. One of them said he wanted to see you out most important business, but he did not send his name."

"On important business? Who can it be?" said Lady Maude, somewhat surprised. "Very well, I will be down directly."

Ten minutes after the drawing-room door opened, two gentlemen, both young, arose and returned her bow.

But why, after the first glance, does every trace of color fly from the face of Lady De Courcy? Why do her eyes dilate and dilate as they rest on the dark, handsome face of one of her visitors? Why does she real as if struck a blow, and grasp a chair near for support. And why, standing there, and holding it tightly, does her eyes still remain riveted to his face, while her breath comes quick and hard?

Reader, she sees standing before her the living embodiment of her early girlhood—he whom she thinks buried far under the wild sea!

"Lady De Courcy, I believe?" said the young gentleman, his own face somewhat agitated.

His voice, too!

Lady Maude, feeling as though she should faint, sunk into a chair, and forced herself to say:

"Yes, sir. And yours—"

She paused.

"Is Raymond Germaine."

Germaine, too—his name! What feeling was it that set her heart beating so wildly as she gazed on that dark, handsome face, and manly form.

But why,

"Who? Reginald?"
"Your—Lord De Courcy. Is he here?"
"Yes. My dear old friend, I am sorry for this," said the earl, stepping forward.

The dying rover held out his hand, and Lord De Courcy took it in his strong clasp.

"I am glad you have come—I am glad you are her protector through life. Do you remember our last parting, Lord Ernest?"

"That night? Yes."

"Ahl that night—that night! What a different man I might have lived and died but for that dark, sorrowful night! What trouble and sorrow that night caused you, too! It turned my poor mother's brain, Lord Ernest; and—she stole your child!"

"I know it."

"Do you not want to see her!—have you seen her?"

"Not yet. I will see her soon."

"Were is my daughter, Raymond?" asked Lady Maude, looking wistfully round.

"Up-stairs with her grandmother, madam," said Pet, respectfully. "She does not know you are here; Shall I go and tell her?"

"Not just yet," said Lord De Courcy. "My dearest love, subdue your impatience for a few moments—remember, you are in the presence of the dying. You have waited for her all these years—you can afford to wait a few moments longer now."

"How is my grandmother?" asked Ray, in a low tone, of Pet.

"The same as you saw her last—in a sort of dull stupor all the time; neither sees, hears, nor feels, apparently. They brought her upstairs this morning, and Ermine has been with her since."

"How does Ermine bear the news of her new-found parents?"

"Very quietly—with a sort of still, deep joy not to be expressed in words. She says she always knew that sweet, lovely lady with the soft, beautiful eyes was something to her, used to come to her in dreams, or something—odd, isn't it? And she's your mother, too, Ray! I declare, it's all the strangest and most romantic thing I ever heard of!"

"We, too, have had our troubles," said the dying man, making a faint motion toward Marguerite. "Perhaps it was a just retribution of heaven for what you were made to suffer. We, too, lost a child; had she lived, even I might have been a different man to-day. She was lost, and all that was originally good in my nature went with her. My poor little Rita!"

"What did you say? Rita!" exclaimed Maudie, as she and her husband gave a simultaneous start.

"Yes. Marguerite was her name; Rita we always called her—why?" he asked, in surprise.

"She was lost, did you say? How? did she die?" breathlessly demanded Lady Maude.

"No; she was carried off, perhaps by gypsies—she was kidnapped."

"How old was she at the time?"

"About ten years old—why?" for the first time spoke the woman Marguerite, starting up.

"Was she dark, with black hair and eyes?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, Mon Dieu! why?"

"Did she wear a cross upon her neck bearing the initials 'M. I. L.'?" wildly broke in Marguerite. "A little gold cross with these letters, which was mine when I was a girl, and stood for Marguerite Isabella Landry, my maiden name, was round her neck. Oh, madam! in heaven's name, do you know anything of my child?"

"I do! I do! I found her, I brought her up as my own, and she lives with me now. Just Heaven! how mysterious are thy ways!" exclaimed the awe-struck Lady Maude.

There was a wild cry, and the woman, Mar geruite, fell fainting on the floor.

Ray bore her away in his arms, and Pet hastened out to attend her. At the same moment a change came over the face of the gipsy's son—a dark shadow from an invisible wing—the herald of coming death.

Both held their breath. Great throes shook the strong form before them, and the death-dew stood in great drops on his brow. Lady Maude wiped them off, pale with awe.

The mighty death agony ceased at last and there came a great calm. He opened his eyes and fixed them, with a look of unspeakable love, on the face bending over him.

"Maude," he whispered, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, "say once more for my sake me."

She took his cold hand in both hers, and bending down, touched her lips to his pale brow, while her tears fell fast on his face.

The hand she held grew stiff in her clasp; she lifted up her head, and her heart for an instant, almost ceased to beat. Reginald Germaine, the wronged, the guilty, was dead!

"May God have mercy on his soul!" fervently exclaimed Lady Maude.

"Amen," sadly and solemnly responded her husband.

Both arose. At the same moment the door opened and Ray appeared, holding the pale and agitated Ermine by the hand.

"Your father and mother, Ermine, he briefly said, as he again went out and closed the door.

And in the dread, chilling presence of the dead, the long-divided parent and child were reunited at last!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

JACK RABBIT, The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "YELLOW STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. THE PAWNEE'S PRIZE.

BLACK GAROTE had seen enough to convince him that Kingawee would be an awkward customer to handle, and so had determined to put him beyond the power of making trouble at the very outset. For this reason, that there might be no mistake or failure, he selected the young Pawnee leader for his own game, and glided noiselessly up behind him, while Kingawee was busily employed in deciphering an intricate bit of the trail left by Rosina.

Though Black Garote muffled the click of his gun as thoroughly as possible, the faint sound did not escape the keen ears of Kingawee, who immediately confronted his treacherously. The one glance was sufficient. Even had he not seen the half-levelled rifle, with the half-breath hand still upon the lock, Kingawee would have read the truth in those glowing eyes—eyes full of treachery and bloodthirstiness.

Though slightly disconcerted by this unlooked-for discovery, the half-breed did not

lose his presence of mind. To hesitate now would be fatal. And flinging forward his rifle, he fired the fatal signal.

Quick as were his movements those of Kingawee were no less rapid. With a backward leap, the Pawnee bent his body nearly double, and turned as though to grapple with the half-breed. The bullet, instead of piercing his heart, simply plowed its way through the muscles of his back, near the shoulder. Though the wound was more painful than dangerous, the shock numbed Kingawee's left side so as to partially disable him.

He staggered and fell, bleeding freely. That momentary faintness probably saved his life, for Black Garote was springing forward with clubbed rifle, when he saw the Pawnee's head droop and his form grow limp. Just then came the increased tumult as the death-struggle waxed more bitter, and Black Garote turned aside to aid his men, knowing how all-important it was that not one of Kingawee's party should escape to carry the tale of his treachery to the Mad Chief.

The half-breed's plans had been executed with tolerable fidelity. Each of his men had selected his victim, and all unsuspecting as the Indians were, it had been an easy matter to keep within sure striking distance while waiting for the buffalo-hunter's signal.

When it came, the men were ready. Half a dozen rifles cracked, at such short distance that, in more than one case, the victim's skin was powder-burnt. Others of the buffalo-hunters leaped upon their men with drawn knives, striking home with relentless energy.

Completely taken by surprise, the Pawnees scarce realized the truth until four-fifths of their number were lying upon the ground, dead or dying. But then the survivors showed how thoroughly their past life of wild lawlessness, of living with every man's hands raised against them, had trained them, body and mind.

As though moved by one mind, the five unharmed braves leaped to a common center, each man stringing his bow with marvelous rapidity, fitting an arrow to the string and drawing them to their barbed heads, almost to the teeth of the buffalo-hunters realized that defense was about to be made.

The arrows were loosed—the feathered shafts sped upon their mission of death. A howl of rage broke from the hunters as three of their number went down in death, tearing and biting the flinty earth in their agony, spending their last breath in groans and curses.

Such was the sight that met the half-breed's eyes as he turned from the fallen Kingawee. Already the Pawnees were preparing for another stand, shouting shoulder to shoulder, stern desperation written upon every feature—not one of the five flinching a hairbreadth from the heavy odds that confronted them—odds that were equivalent to death. They could not hope to stand up against more than one bold charge, even if that, guarded though they were in the rear by the upright wall of rocks. Die they must; yet they would perish true wolf-children—showing and using their teeth to the last.

Black Garote saw this—read their stern determination to fall fighting, since fall they must—and he saw, too, that it would not be wholly unavenged. Their firearms empty, his men could only depend upon their bows or knives in the charge, and must receive at least one more discharge of arrows before closing.

At such short range, scarce a missile could fail to reach its mark, and he could ill afford to lose more men. Already he was terribly short-handed. Any further loss would almost assure the failure of his expedition, upon which all depended.

All this flashed through the half-breed's mind in an instant's time, and as quickly came his resolve. His loud voice rung out, high above the groans of the dying.

"Down—to cover! and pick them off one by one!"

His orders were promptly obeyed; possibly with more alacrity than if he had commanded a charge. Like magic the buffalo-hunters sunk to the ground, each man crouching behind the nearest boulder, hurriedly preparing their weapons for use.

Though evidently not a little astonished by this display of prudence, the Pawnees were cool enough to see how greatly it lessened their chance—not of victory or escape, but of revenge, and though by so doing they were obliged to abandon their vantage-ground at the base of the huge rock, they darted for the nearest cover, closely imitating the movements of their enemies.

Black Garote uttered a curse of rage at this, but finished driving his bullet home, then cautiously peered from his covert. A blaze of fire seemed to sear his vision, and a little cry broke from his lips as he dodged back, pressing one hand to his forehead. When he withdrew it, it was covered with blood. An arrow had carried away part of his woolly eyebrows. And a moment later a sharp curse from his right told him that another chance had been seized upon the Pawnees. Plainly enough the buffalo-hunters were not equal to the wolf-children in this phase of border fighting.

A little anxiously the half-breed turned his head, and found that Gil Perez was close beside him.

"Good! you can do it, old man," Garote muttered, with an air of satisfaction. "You must get around those devils, or they'll hold us here all day. Take whom you like—Tonic and Crooked Hand will be best; take them and steal around until you can pick off some of the dogs. You can do it!"

Though the seat would be a truly perilous one—since he knew right well that were a single inch of his person shown to the Pawnees, at least one arrow would be sure to feel its texture, the veteran coolly nodded, then cautiously and adroitly backed from his position, uttering a signal that would tell the two men named just what was expected of them. Difficult as was thefeat, it was performed in safety, and when beyond arrow-shot, the trio passed rapidly around in order to gain the coveted position.

The Pawnees divined their danger, and knowing that to remain quiescent would be to assure their death, quickly determined upon their course; one bold and daring as their whole life had been.

With one accord they leaped up from their coverts, and, with defiant yells, boldly charged the enemy in front. Taken by surprise, the buffalo-hunters discharged a hasty volley, which, more by good fortune than aught else, brought three of the braves to the ground. The other two, each striking down a man, darted away at top speed. But the brief delay was fatal to them. Gil Perez and his comrades came up just in time to end the tragedy with their rifles.

The buffalo-hunters, infuriated by this loss, maddened by the taste of blood, vented their rage upon the still quivering bodies, hacking and hewing them out of all semblance to human shape, when Gil Perez suddenly uttered a furious curse, and pointed up the hill, where, dodging from boulder to boulder, his keen eye had caught sight of a dusky figure—an Indian.

"Make them understand that you have changed your mind—anything, just so you don't give the signal, my attempt to let them see the real reason. Now—they're waiting! Remember your daughter!" grated Jack Rab-

bit, his eyes glowing, his revolver pressing deep into the Mad Chief's side.

It was a bitter pill for the proud, haughty chief to swallow, but he saw that there was no other alternative—that he was entirely at the scout's mercy. True, a single cry would bring his braves to his aid—but only in time to avenge his death, not to save his life. Yet, had it been only himself, he would have risked everything, rather than tamely submit. But Mini Lusa—!

Again the Pawnees paused in their dance, looking eagerly, wonderingly at their chief. He turned toward them, but the expected signal was not uttered. Instead, in a low, cold tone he praised their efforts, then bade them seek the repose they had so thoroughly earned by their gallant and arduous efforts of the day.

Amazement was deeply imprinted upon every dusky face, as the braves listened. Slowly their bent bows relaxed and the arrows dropped unheeded to the ground. Their painted faces wore a perplexed and sullen look. But the Mad Chief's word was law; not one dared transgress it, nor even to murmur audibly their dissatisfaction.

"Are you satisfied?" muttered the chief, turning to Jack Rabbit, with a malignant look.

"Thus far—yes. It gives me some hopes that we can yet come to some arrangement agreeable to us both. Come—we can talk it all over as we walk, better than here, where it is so easy to be overheard."

The Mad Chief seemed inclined to rebel, evidently suspecting some fresh trouble beneath this proposal, but once more the threatening pistol pressing against his ribs brought him to terms. Sullenly, almost suffocating with rage and mortification, he accompanied the young borderer, moving slowly away from the ring of fires, following Tony Chew, who led the way with Mini Lusa.

Straight across the valley they passed, heading for the oft-mentioned pocket. The old chief made no resistance, did not even remonstrate, after he saw that the giant borderer was holding a knife-point to the heart of the maiden. His passionate love for her was the best safeguard the scouts could have had.

Entering the narrow crevice in the rock-wall, the scouts paused at a point from whence a fair view of the moon-lighted valley could be obtained, and thus assured against espial, Jack Rabbit lost little time in coming to the point.

"I suppose you would like to know our reasons for bringing you here; that is easy told. After what you told them, your braves will not dare molest us, unless they have your orders. Taking advantage of this, we mean to be far away from this before morning. You will soon be missed; some one will find you before you have time to suffer. Then, if you choose to follow us, good enough."

Turning to Tony Chew, Jack continued:

"Do you see to them, old man. You know what we have decided upon. At all risks they must be kept quiet and out of sight until the train is well out of this hole. If he tries any of his tricks, put your knife through him. You understand?"

The big scout nodded coolly, then Jack Rabbit turned and left the pocket, eager to complete the work so well and boldly begun.

He paused at the line of the moonlight, and gazed keenly before him. The fires were still burning brightly, and the Indians were gathered in knots, evidently discussing the sudden and inexplicable change which had come over their chief. The buffalo-hunters had returned to their tents, and toward these Jack now hastened, seeking out the leader, Don Raymond.

"You have no news of—" began the buffalo-hunter.

"No—and what you believed the greatest misfortune, may, after all, turn out just the contrary. It was in hopes of their return that this feast was so long delayed."

"They would have enjoyed it—especially poor Pablo."

"As much as we have seen—doubtless. Don Raymond, you are a wise and prudent man, I believe. You have been—are still in deadly peril, here. Only for a friendly warning which I received, not one of your party would now be alive. Hush! An alarm now would ruin everything!"

In a few rapid words, Jack Rabbit made known his discovery of the intended massacre, and how it had been happily averted.

"Our only chance is to leave this trap before the red devils can suspect what we have done. I don't think they will dare molest us without the order from their chief. At any rate, we can do nothing else. You must prepare for the road; pass the word for every man to have his weapons within easy reach, but to guard against showing their distrust too plainly. We may have to fight, but I hope and trust not."

Started and almost dismayed by this unexpected intelligence, Don Raymond could scarcely comprehend the whole extent of the danger they had so narrowly escaped. Yet he did not doubt the truth of Jack's story. It was too circumstantial for that.

With Jack as an aide, he spoke to each man, bidding them prepare for a night-march, telling them just enough to put them upon their guard. In this part of his work he was unconsciously assisted by the Pawnees, who, as soon as they noted the unusual stir, came forward to learn the cause. Their dark looks and sudden scowls overcame the braves' eyes more widely. They began to scent the mine over which they had been slumbering.

"Why are our white friends so uneasy?" demanded one of the eldest braves, of Don Raymond. "The wolf-children have keen ears and eyes that see far, even in the night-time, but they have neither seen nor heard the buffaloes."

"We are not going to hunt in the night-time," replied Raymond, as calmly as he could. "But my children do not come back, and I fear they are lost in the desert. We are going to look for them."

The savage laughed shortly as he pointed toward the carts and cattle, as though ridiculing the idea of following a trail with such aids.

"The great chief said, let our white friends wait. He never speaks foolish words. His face would be black were his braves to let him sleep. You must wait until he speaks again."

"He has spoken," abruptly put in Jack Rabbit. "He knows everything. If he thinks it well that we should go, is a poor brave to say that his words are not good?"

The brave turned away, but with an angry look that boded them ill. And as he rejoined the Pawnees, a peculiar signal was passed from brave to brave. As if in obedience to it, the warriors, fully armed, took up their position before the mouth of the basin, effectively shutting the buffalo-hunters in.

"You see—we can't fight our way out!" gloomily uttered Raymond.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

7

backward, a tomahawk sunk to the very eye in his shattered skull. Leaping forward, Black Tiger placed one foot upon the quivering corpse and wrenching the weapon from its ghastly sheath, glanced sternly around upon the mute, awe-stricken band.

Like a flock of frightened sheep the savages started back, not knowing where the insane anger of the chief might carry him. And in that moment the victory was won.

"You have saved our lives once again," muttered Jack Rabbit, so close to Mini Lusa's ear that his breath fanned her cheek. "Only you could have done it. How can I thank you?"

"By making the best of your way from here. Hurry up your friends—tell them that more than life depends upon their diligence. The trail is open for them now, but how long 'twill remain open God only knows."

"They are nearly ready. They realize the full extent of their danger now. But I must speak of yourself. This bold ruse—I know it was yours, for we had scarcely dared think of it, since my friend cannot speak. How will it end—what will your fate be, when they find out the part you have played—as they must, so recently passed was a stern reality."

He could hear the awful cries and moans of the wounded, the yells and shouts of the victorious British and savages, and the thunderous tramp of hoofs along the creek. But all sounds of the battle soon died away. Only the agonizing groan without reminded him that the dreadful conflict through which he had so recently passed was a stern reality.

The youth knew that he could not escape from his confinement before dark. He knew that the battlefield would be frequented throughout the whole day by the enemy in burying the dead and caring for the wounded.

His safety lay in waiting the coming of night, and upon this he resolved at once, without a second thought.

He spent the long hours of waiting in reflection. He epitomized all the events of the past week, and recalled the faces that had figured therein. The noble face of Long Beard and the angelic Tempy stood out the most conspicuous. The hateful visages of Kirby Kale and Bill Mucklewee were the next most prominent; but the assurance that both these men were dead gave him relief. Then he recalled the events through which he had passed—his adventure in General Brock's camp; his narrow escape at old Davy's cabin; the battle; the first discharge of the American rifles; the groans of the dying; and that awful, awful look worn by the face of the color-bearer as he walked a lifeless corpse toward him!

Old Davy did not escape his thoughts. He remembered the last words he had heard the veteran borderman utter as he went down in battle; and then he wondered if he had died, or had been tramped to death beneath the feet of the victors and the horses. And last, but not least, came the sudden thought of Belsazar. Where was he? his faithful companion of years? Had he been slain? or had he been lost in the rout? The last time he remembered seeing him was a few moments before the battle opened.

"Then this a time for such words?" she said, reproachfully.

"It may be the only time left us for anything, and I wish you to know my whole heart in case anything happens to me to-night. You know the danger we are in—if they should detect our trick—nothing could save us from massacre. Then tell me—could you ever learn to love me?"

"Not learn—no—" faltered the Prophetess; but her face revealed far more, and with a joyous cry, Jack Rabbit sought to clasp her to his breast.

Mini Lusa however eluded him, with a significant gesture toward the Pawnees. Jack, though with a rueful look, realized how fatal such an exhibition would be and managed to control his ecstasies.

"Then you will go with us—we will leave this place forever!"

"No, I can't leave him. I am all in all to him now, and you must not ask it. There—no more. Think of me sometimes, as I shall of you. And now, good-by!"

With these words she glided swiftly away, and the first thing Harry saw was his growing sleepy. He had not slept for two or three nights. He had been kept awake by excitement and activity, and so he resolved to take a nap. Resting his head upon his arm he soon became lost in the oblivion of sleep. When he awoke it seemed as though he had been sleeping a week. He knew, however, that such could not be the case; but he was satisfied that hours had passed, and that it was then far in the night.

He listened for some sound without, but not the slightest noise could be heard unless it was the soft, creeping ripple of the water in the creek. This satisfied him that he had not from the vicinity; and he at once began to entertain thoughts of attempting his release. But to his horror and surprise he heard a slight noise outside just as he was about to begin operations. He listened closely, and discovered that something or somebody was digging into the bank that covered him! He could distinctly hear a kind of scratching noise that grew louder and louder each moment, and which left no doubt in the boy's mind but that search was being made for him, either by a friend or foe, who had seen him fall and buried him.

A horrible suspense took possession of him. He remained quiet, listening with bated breath. A great lump came up in his throat when he felt particles of dirt crumbling down upon him. It told him that the digger had made his way through the wall that separated him from the outer world. He could now see the open, starry sky through the hole made by the unknown. He could see a dark object near the opening outside, and could hear a noise like the low panting of an animal. He happened to think of his dog. In a low tone he called him by name. Instantly the dark object outside thrust itself into the hole and uttered a low whine.

Harry's heart gave a great bound, and he could scarcely suppress a cry of joy. It was his faithful friend Belsazar, true enough, who by some unaccountable means had sought out his young master's concealment.

The youth soon enlarged the hole made by the dog sufficient for his body to pass through. Then he thrust his head and shoulders out and listened, at the same time caressing the dog.

He heard a slow, measured footstep on the opposite shore, and peering through the night he saw the outlines of a British sentinel pacing to and fro along the bank. By this he knew he was inside the enemy's lines, unless they had changed their position south of the creek, and that great danger would attend his proposed attempt to escape.

He knew the moon would soon be up, it was already growing light in the east. He saw that that moment was the best to act, during the darkness which precedes the rising of the moon, and securing the English flag that he had captured in battle about his person, he crept out of his cell, and upon his hands and knees made his way to the water's edge.

He had decided to creep down the creek, wade where he could not crawl on hands and knees, and swim where he could not wade, believing that the rippling of the water would drown all sounds he might make.

Without a moment's hesitation he crept into the water and began moving slowly down the stream, using his utmost precaution.

Success attended his efforts, and in less than an hour he had run the gauntlet of the enemy's picket and found himself a'ye beyond their lines. But again he found himself without gun or pistol, and he really felt that he was at the mercy of any foe. Still, he had his friend, Belsazar, who was more than a match for any one man, and trusting to his keen instinct he pushed on down the creek.

He had not gone over half a mile when the dog came to a sudden stop, and uttered a low, sniffling whine. Harry knew he had discovered something, and stopped.

He heard a slight noise in the bushes before them, and a heavy sigh. The dog stood still, wagging his tail and with his nose pointed directly ahead; and as Harry continued to listen, he heard that heavy breathing of some one or something repeated.

The lad began to think the matter over, and finally wondered if it could be some wounded soldier who had crept away unobserved from the battlefield and concealed himself there. He became so impressed with the belief that this was the case, as he thought the matter calmly over, that he could not think of leaving without knowing positively, and so, in a low tone he asked:

"Hullo! anybody in that thicket?"

An almost deathly silence followed. It last-

ed nearly a minute, when a voice in the thicket answered:

"Speak ag'in, stranger; I swar I b'lieve I war right."

"Yes, you were right, Davy. Come out," responded Harry, and the old trapper, weak and suffering from a terrible wound, staggered out of the thicket.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LONELY GRAVE IN THE FOREST.

"Let me lean upon you, Harry; I'm weak weaker than water," said Davy Darrett, as he came out of the thicket and approached the boy.

"Yes, let me help you, Davy," replied the boy, "for I know you are badly hurt. I saw you fall, and was afraid I would never see you again."

"Ah! that was a terrible battle, Harry, a terrible battle. Our men should never have left their intrenchments. I got a terrible blow, but it wasn't half as bad as some others got. Poor Iron Hand lay dying as I passed him. He reached out his hand, and said, 'Good-by, Davy,' then he caught sight of my shattered arm, and continued: 'I'll tell 'em you're comin' soon.' He knew I couldn't live."

"My God, Davy! are you hurt that bad?" cried the boy.

"Hurt that bad? why, lad, I am literally dy ing by inches."

"Oh, no, Davy," replied Harry, persistently, and with a tremor in his voice; "you are not hurt that bad."

"Well, I hope not, Harry; but don't worry me."

"Lean upon me heavier, Davy; don't hesitate, for I am stout, you know. Let me help you to a place of greater security. The Indians are no doubt scouting through the woods after stragglers, and they may find you."

"They have found me already, Harry, but I was dead then. Oh, but this is a cruel, cruel world, lad. Here I've fought along fifty years or more and have nothin' to lose, and everything in the world to gain. I've seen but a few sunshiny days in all these years. The outside world has been dull to me, in one sense, but in another I've made it lively. Ah, Harry, I can go no furder! I must sit down here and rest in this little glade. It would be a nice place for a grave, lad."

"Oh, don't, don't give up, Davy—don't say die!" pleaded the youth.

They were now in the center of a little glade or natural opening in the dense woods. The moon was up, and her mellow rays fell full and bright upon the old man and boy.

The latter started at sight of his companion's terrible aspect. His face and body were covered with coagulated blood. His eyes were hollow and sunken. His left arm hung limp, and lifeless at his side.

"Davy!" cried Harry, "you are worse than you appear. You have been keeping the truth from me—where did all that blood come from on your face and breast?"

"From my arm, Harry, from my arm," replied the old man, rather evasively; "here—right here, let me sit down and rest, lad."

Harry eased him carefully down to a seat upon the ground, with his back against the trunk of a fallen tree.

"There, there, that is better, Harry," he said, resting his head back upon the log.

"Then, let me dress your wounded arm, Davy. I have a silken flag, here, that I captured from the Eng'ls, and it will be the very thing to bind up your wounds with."

"Better save the flag, Harry," replied old Davy; "it'll be a big thing for you. To capture an enemy's colors is a great thing, lad. They speak about such things in history, but don't throw it away on me."

"I care nothing for the honor of kaptin' the flag, compared with my desire for your comfort, Davy."

"You can do me but little good, lad, but that you may feel that you done all you could for me, you may bind up my arm."

"Davy, you don't really believe you're going to die, do you?"

"I'll never see the sun rise again, lad—no, never!"

"You are disheartened and feeling bad, Davy. You must not die—you have been my best friend these many years, and I cannot give you up."

"I know I have been your friend, Harry, and I never told you why I liked you so well, but now I might as well tell you. I used to love your mother, lad. When I was a young man of twenty, I had a smatterin' of education. I could read and write, and went in the best society. Then I loved Mary Grayson, a pretty, modest girl of eighteen, and I guess I liked me. But the fates war against us. A villain came in between us, and made me v'hat I am. He was your father, was Ishmael Wilde. He won Mary away from me and married her, and I bundled up and put off to the woods and became a hunter. Then, a year or two after they were wed, you war born. Your father treated Mary very unkind, and one day she died when you war four years old. You war then left with the family of an old hunter, of whom you received many valuable lessons in woodcraft and Indian-fighting. Your father was killed by the Ingins, and the old hunter's wife dyin' and his gal marryin', left you alone in the world again. But all this time I'd been keepin' a watch on you, and when I see'd you war without a home again, I induced you to take up your abode with me, where you've staid a good many years, off and on. You have been a good boy, Harry, with all the virtues of your dead mother; and this is why I loved you as though you were my own boy."

Harry burst into tears as he listened to this story of his parentage. It was the first time he was remembered of ever having heard of his early life. He knew that the family in which he had been raised was not his own; nevertheless he loved his members as dearly as though they had been his near kindred.

Carefully as he could, under the circumstances, the lad bandaged the wounded arm of the old borderman, and when completed he pushed on down the creek.

He had decided to creep down the creek, wade where he could not crawl on hands and knees, and swim where he could not wade, believing that the rippling of the water would drown all sounds he might make.

Without a moment's hesitation he crept into the water and began moving slowly down the stream, using his utmost precaution.

Success attended his efforts, and in less than an hour he had run the gauntlet of the enemy's picket and found himself a'ye beyond their lines. But again he found himself without gun or pistol, and he really felt that he was at the mercy of any foe. Still, he had his friend, Belsazar, who was more than a match for any one man, and trusting to his keen instinct he pushed on down the creek.

He had not gone over half a mile when the dog came to a sudden stop, and uttered a low, sniffling whine. Harry knew he had discovered something, and stopped.

He heard a slight noise in the bushes before them, and a heavy sigh. The dog stood still, wagging his tail and with his nose pointed directly ahead; and as Harry continued to listen, he heard that heavy breathing of some one or something repeated.

The lad began to think the matter over, and finally wondered if it could be some wounded soldier who had crept away unobserved from the battlefield and concealed himself there. He became so impressed with the belief that this was the case, as he thought the matter calmly over, that he could not think of leaving without knowing positively, and so, in a low tone he asked:

"Hullo! anybody in that thicket?"

An almost deathly silence followed. It last-

ed nearly a minute, when a voice in the thicket answered:

"Here doeth all things well—Harry, Harry! where are you, boy?"

"Here, Davy, here, by you," said the lad, kneeling by the old man's side.

"Ah! there's a mist gatherin' over my eyes—I can't see you, and my sight never failed before. But, Harry, don't take off my cap till I'm dead—bury me here—right here in this glade, Harry. The rush of the creek and the moan of the woods won't disturb my slumbers—I'll sleep here sweetly—Harry, here—your hand—fare—well, lad, fare—"

He rattled in the throat; his head fell forward upon his breast, and all that was mortal of Davy Darrett had returned to its Maker.

Happy Harry sat down upon the log by Davy's side and burst into tears. He sobbed as though his heart was broken. He had lost a friend—a dear friend. The scene was sad and solemn, the deep, dark wood, the little moonlit glade, the weeping boy, the chabant dog, the deep and awful silence of night—all, in the presence of death—conspired to make the occasion one of the deepest solemnity.

It was some time before the lad could shake off the dread and sorrow that had settled over his young spirit. When he did, he removed Davy's cap and beheld a spectacle that sent a shudder to his heart. Davy had been scalped!

The Indians had found him, true enough, which accounted for his refusal to have his cap removed.

"Poor Davy! how he must have suffered!"

The lad murmured; "but he is out of his misery, and I can do nothin' but—"

He burst into tears again, but after awhile he rallied, and taking Davy's knife, began the laborious task of cutting out a grave. He cut and sliced away the sod, then put Belsazar to digging. Thus the two together finally accomplished the work, and just as the sun looked over the eastern forest-tops, Harry, with sorrowful heart and tearful eyes, turned away from the lonely grave of his beloved friend, Davy Darrett.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

As he turned away from the grave of Davy Darrett, Happy Harry broke into a run as if to keep down the terrible emotions of sorrow struggling in his breast for expression.

When a mile or two away he stopped to think whether he was going. He knew by the course of the Brownstown creek and the position of the sun, where the points of the compass were. But he wished to reach some point of safety. He remembered where Van Horne had told him that Colonel Miller was encamped with a large party of troops, and so at once set out toward that point.

He reached the camp during the day in an almost exhausted condition. But, when it became known in the camp who he was, every kindness in the power of the soldiers was shown him, and by the following day he was himself again.

The news of Van Horne's defeat preceded Harry to Miller's command, and the colonel at once made preparations to move against the enemy. On the following day he took up his line of march, and the same day engaged the British and Indians in a desperate struggle, gaining a decisive victory over them, as al ready related.

Harry accompanied the little army and passed through the hottest of the battle with the course of the creek and the position of the sun, where the points of the compass were. But he wished to reach some point of safety. He remembered where Van Horne had told him that Colonel Miller was encamped with a large party of troops, and so at once set out toward that point.

On the day following this second battle, the youth took his departure for Laketown, where he had left Long Beard and his daughters. And it was the happiest moment of his life when he broke to the giant the news of Kirby Kale's death in battle, and received the blessings of the father and daughters for the services he had rendered them in the hours of trial and trouble.

From this time on dated a new era in the life of the persecuted Long Beard and his fair daughters. With the chief instigator of all his troubles forever silent he had nothing further to fear. He never returned to England but made America his adopted home, and all through the war of 1812 he served the American cause in the capacity of a scout, along with the Indians.

Harry never met with the Princess Eeleelah again. He even never heard of her, and always believed, from certain evidences, that she had been murdered at the Pleiades Islands after her return from the brig-of-war the day she took Tempy to her friends aboard. She had been killed by Ishmael Wilde. Harry had done the deed in retaliation for her turning upon him that day with his own pistol and driving him out of the canoe into the lake.

And now comes the denouement of our story, which will not doubt be a surprise to the reader. Captain Robert Rankin took command of his company as soon as he had recovered from his injuries received that memorable night, and during the time that he was absent from Tempy

